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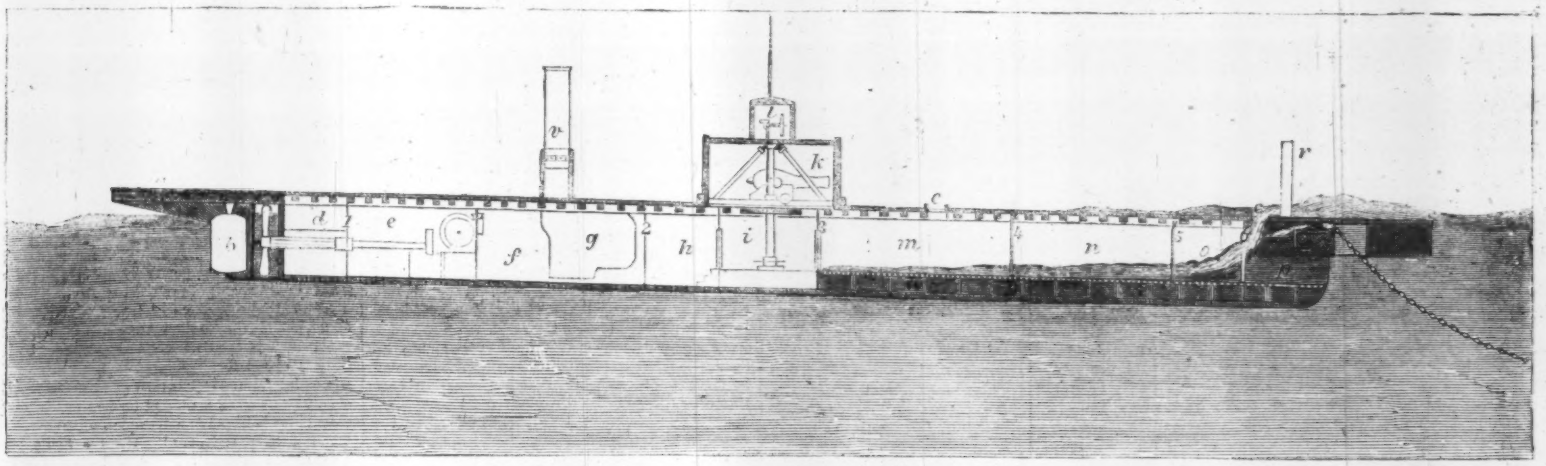

a. Overhang protecting Propeller.—*b.* Rudder.—*c, c, c,* Hatches.—*d.* Engineer's Store-Room.—*e.* Engine-Room.—*f.* Fire-Room.—*g.* Boilers.—*h.* Coal-Bunker.—*i.* Turret-Chamber.—*k.* Turret.—*l.* Pilot-House.—*m.* Men's Quarters.—*n.* Officers' Quarters.—*o.* Captain's Cabin.—*p.* Anchor-Chamber.—*r.* Ventilator.—*s.* Anchor-Well.—*t.* Ram.—*u, u.* Lockers for Stores.—*v.* Smoke Stack.—1, 2, 3, 4, 5. Water-tight Bulkheads.

DIAGRAM OF MONITOR "WEEHAWKEN," SUNK IN CHARLESTON HARBOR, DECEMBER 6, 1863.—[See next Page.]

FREDERICK VII., LATE KING OF DENMARK.—[See next Page.]

CHRISTIAN IX., PRESENT KING OF DENMARK.—[See next Page.]

THE "WEEHAWKEN."

THE Diagram on page 1, for which we are indebted to Mr. Ericsson, shows the interior of the *Weehawken*, and explains the cause of her loss, which, it will be seen, implies no want of adaptation for the purposes for which the vessel was designed. Lying at anchor in thirty feet water, during a storm, she shipped a heavy sea forward, which entered the fore-hatch, *c*, open at the time, filling the cable and anchor-rooms, *p* and *s*. She immediately began sinking by the head, the rolling of the vessel preventing this from being perceived by the officers and men, whose quarters were nearly amid-ships, and so went down before those on board were fairly aware of their danger.

THE DANISH KINGS.

ON page 1 we give portraits of FREDERICK VII., the late King of Denmark, and of his successor, CHRISTIAN IX., the present monarch. For more than four centuries the Danish kings have upon their accession assumed alternately the names of Christian and Frederick, laying aside, if necessary, their original names. Thus the late king's name was really Christian, but his father having been Christian, he took the title of Frederick. The name of the present king being Christian, he was under no necessity of making a change. On page 3 will be found a statement of the question of the Danish succession, which threatens to give rise to a European war. We here give a few points in the biography of the two monarchs. Frederick VII. was born in 1808, and ascended the throne upon the death of his father in 1848. Shortly after the commencement of his reign the Schleswig-Holstein war broke out, and the conduct of the king made him at the time extremely popular in Denmark. As a ruler he appears to have been able and patriotic. His personal character, however, was notoriously bad. He had been twice married and twice divorced before he became king. In 1850 he married "with the left hand" a woman who had been a governess, and opera dancer, and at last a milliner. He created her a baroness, and this affair lost him most of the popularity which he had won. He died on the 15th of November. Years ago it was evident that he would leave no legitimate children, and by treaty, to which the great European powers were parties, the proper heirs to the throne were passed over, and the succession vested in a remote kinsman, Prince Christian, who has now ascended the throne. The present king, who is father of the Princess of Wales and of the newly-elected King of Greece, was born in 1818. All accounts agree in representing his character to be every way admirable.

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1864.

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A *Title-Page and Table of Contents* for Volume VII. can be had gratuitously from the principal News-Dealers.

PRESIDENTIAL PROSPECTS.

THE gentlemen whose accession to political power depends upon the salvation of slavery are already casting about for available Presidential candidates. A year ago the nomination of Mr. Horatio Seymour was a foregone conclusion. But his obsequiousness to a murderous mob alarmed the most substantial of his supporters. They hate Abolitionism; but a civil magistrate who calls the most reckless and brutal criminals his friends appalls them. Mr. Seymour, so long as he made dull speeches merely, was to have been nominated as "a Conservative statesman." But Conservative statesmanship in practical operation during the days of July was a little too repugnant to the popular common-sense. The Conservative statesman committed political suicide upon the steps of the City Hall. His alternate, if circumstances should require a military candidate, was General M'Clellan.

Poor General M'Clellan! Charles Lamb tells an excellent story of the man at table who preserved a dignified silence and solemnity, which greatly impressed the company, until suet dumplings were brought in. Upon which the dignified silence was broken by the earnest exclamation, "Them's the jockeys for me!" So General M'Clellan patiently kept silence while the mob cheered for him and Jeff Davis, and while Mr. Cox, the special advocate of Vallandigham, extolled him as the hope of the future. He held his tongue while every friend of the rebels praised him and every loyal man looked on in painful doubt. But when the Pennsylvania election came, and the rebel papers prayed for the success of Woodward, and Lee moved to support his chances, and the lackeys of slavery and rebel partisans strained every nerve for Woodward, and every loyal Union man in the land knew that his election would be equivalent to a victory over the Army of the Potomac, then the late leader of that army chose to break his long silence by declaring that Woodward was the candidate for him. Poor General M'Clellan! His letter was as fatal to his political hopes as Governor Seymour's speech. And he should hold his managers to strict account, for he not only threw himself but the enemies of the Government with whom he allied himself off the track. He left them without a tolerable candidate.

The moment General M'Clellan subordinated his military conduct to his political aspirations he was doomed. A more tragical campaign than his upon the Peninsula history does not record. Not three volumes of a thousand pages each can explain away the prolonged horrors of the Chickahominy swamps. "Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand." It was the penalty of not comprehending the war. He thought he could fight without hurting the enemy much; for it would not do to exasperate one's natural political allies. He would try fighting with one hand and waving the olive branch with the other. He was a well-meaning Captain of Engineers, of no remarkable military capacity, utterly spoiled by the touch of political intriguers who hoped to make him their tool.

Does any body suppose that the same game can be played with General Grant? General Grant is a soldier who does not believe in olive branches but in unconditional surrender. He is a citizen who comprehends the scope of the war, and knows and frankly says that liberty, Union, and peace are henceforward inseparable. His politics are the overthrow of the rebel army in the field, and the destruction of the cause that sends it there. He supports the Government and its policy. Would *he* have written a letter to help the election of Judge Woodward? Would a rebel mob in New York ever couple *his* name with that of Jeff Davis? Would the friends of Vallandigham, and of peace by submission to the rebels, ever count upon him *or* Horatio Seymour for their candidate? The revolutionary Tories in Connecticut would as soon have nominated Israel Putnam for Governor as the Copperheads of to-day would wish General Grant for President. And from whom then is his support to come?

Certainly not from the friends of the Government: for hearty and unconditional as is their admiration for General Grant's military services, they have no less regard for the civil services of Mr. Lincoln. No man at this moment has so sure a hold of the national heart as the President. It would as soon think of removing General Grant from command of his great army, because he is conquering the rebel host, as it would of setting aside Mr. Lincoln because his administration is restoring the Union. If the Presidential election took place next week, Mr. Lincoln would undoubtedly be returned by a greater majority than any President since Washington. And unless he is deserted by his great sagacity, or some huge military disaster befalls the country, or some serious blunder is committed by the Union men in Congress, his election is as sure as the triumph of the nation over the rebellion.

THE EUROPEAN CONGRESS.

IT must make an English nobleman wince a little to answer a letter in which such a man as Louis Napoleon calls the Queen "my sister;" and the fine society of London can hardly help stealing a curious glance at Leicester Square, and wondering which of the queer figures there is next to turn up as an Emperor and King, and step from chaffering with his washer-woman to embracing the Queen at Windsor. Yet the response of Earl Russell to Louis Napoleon's invitation to a European Congress is the best state paper he has written for a long time. It is clear and conclusive, and dextrously eludes the French snare.

The invitation sets forth with the assertion that the Treaty of Vienna is destroyed, as well as modified and menaced. But the Englishman extorts the concession from the French minister that the treaty is still substantially in force, and then very strongly argues that although there are now, as always, disputed European questions, yet there is no reason to suppose that they could finally be settled by a Congress. He proceeds to the chief questions in detail—shows, for instance, that what the diplomatic concert of the three Powers has not been able to extract from Russia their union in a Congress can not effect. On the other hand, if the Congress demands and Russia refuses, as of course she will, what remains but humiliation for the Powers concerned or war? And how is that a peaceful solution of the question? With the same simplicity and force Earl Russell disposes of the Italian question.

If a mere expression of opinion would settle disputed points, a Congress would be desirable; but as that is an idle supposition, the plan becomes at once dangerous, instead of serviceable, to the public peace of Europe.

England has certainly no great reason to congratulate herself upon the part she has played in international congresses. The humiliation that followed the signing of the peace of Utrecht, in 1713, by Lords Oxford and Bolingbroke was renewed by the Treaty of Fontainebleau a half century later, when Lord Bute was minister. In the Congress of Vienna, in 1815, Lord Castlereagh took the high Tory strain, and cast the influence of England against the people of Europe; while in 1823 Mr. Canning reluctantly sent his representatives to Verona, who in vain protested against the Holy Alliance which carried out its policy by war. As Lord Russell truly says, the proposed Congress would, upon any really difficult point, very soon be brought in full view of the alternative of nullity or war.

Great Britain declining, and Russia standing aloof, the Congress is already an abortive scheme. If Russia's policy in Poland is to be changed, it must be by war. If Austria is to release Venice it must be by compulsion. If the great neighbors of Europe are to reduce their armaments, it must be by sudden conversion to the doctrine of non-resistance. The whole plan is but a transparent device of Louis Napoleon to establish a new prestige of power. He feels that he must retrieve what Mr. Cobden calls his greatest mistake—the invasion of Mexico. For as the Holy Alliance which made war upon Spain then intended to settle the Spanish and Mexican question upon this continent by armed intervention, and were restrained only by the Monroe declaration, supported by Great Britain, so Louis Napoleon unquestionably meant to propose to his Congress to sanction his little Mexican episode, if not to suggest a settlement of our war.

A FEW FRIENDLY QUESTIONS.

MR. FERNANDO WOOD, who regretted that he could not send arms to Mr. Toombs for the purpose of overthrowing the Government, calls the assertion of the lawful authority of that Government a "bloody, destructive, and inhuman war." Some fifty-seven members of Congress vote not to lay his resolution upon the table. Do they think it justly describes this struggle? Do gentlemen like Mr. Odell, for instance, who have most unflinchingly supported the war—who have spoken for it—who have used their influence to recruit soldiers for it—who have persuaded sons to leave their parents, husbands their wives, and lovers their sweet-hearts, to fight for their country—sincerely believe the war to be inhuman? On what ground did they sustain an inhuman war? By what arguments did they persuade mothers to send their sons to an inhuman war? How do they justify their votes appropriating money to prosecute a bloody, destructive, and inhuman war? Is this struggle less sacred than that of the Revolution; and can these gentlemen imagine Washington and his friends describing the war they waged as destructive and inhuman?

Mr. Fernando Wood's view of the war and of the doctrine of State rights was set forth at Bergen. Do such gentlemen as Mr. Odell acknowledge the leadership of a man holding those views? Mr. Wood declares that the Government has no right to prosecute the war, because it has no right to coerce States. That is the philosophy of his proposition for Commissioners to Richmond, and it is also the ground taken by Davis and the conspirators. Do the gentlemen of whom we speak regret their support of the war? Do they believe that States have the right to secede? If not, why do they vote not to lay upon the table a proposition which means just that, and which comes from a man who believes it?

It is hardly an answer to say that they merely voted not to lay it upon the table, and might have voted against it directly; for so infamous a proposition should be rejected in the most decisive way, and to lay it upon the table is to treat it with instant and merited contempt.

There are times in which every man's vote is strictly scrutinized to see whether he prefers the unconditional surrender of the rebels or of the Government. There is no middle ground. Wood's plan is to ascertain what Davis wants, and then to give it to him. The plan of the people of this country is to make Davis submit unconditionally to the authority of the United States. If a sincere Union man tries to stand with his old party he will inevitably find himself, as every one of the fifty-eight did, many of them intentionally, voting aid and comfort to the rebellion.

WHAT WE FIND IN THE PAPERS.

IN a late speech by Mr. John M'Keon, as reported in the newspapers, we find these words: "I see the coming storm, and believe sincerely to-day that when the knife is taken from the throats of the Southern people it will be turned to the throat of every Catholic in the North."

In a late resolution offered at Mozart Hall by Mr. Fernando Wood, as also reported in the newspapers, we find these words: "The first [M'Keon] is a noisy little brainless demagogue."

HALIFAX HEROES.

OUR blue-nosed neighbors in Halifax have been enjoying high sport. A party of pirates, having gone upon an American steamer secretly armed, rose against the defenseless passengers, seized the ship, and murdered the engineer, and having put into a British port, were captured and brought to Halifax. Thereupon the inhabitants can not conceal their admiration for such gallant heroes, and mobbing the officers, release these brave men, and carry them off in triumph.

Really, upon a fair view there seems to be nothing very heroic in an armed band of desperadoes overpowering unarmed passengers and killing an engineer. But there is no accounting for tastes. If these mere pirates who had killed only one man and stolen a ship are so honored by the Blue Noses, what an ovation they would have given Hunt, who lately murdered his wife and two children in a cab in London! Hunt's murder was much the more heroic of the two, for he did it in the midst of a crowded street at evening. The passengers and crew upon whom the *Chesapeake* pirates rose were equally defenseless with Hunt's wife and children; but there was no possible help at sea, as there was in a street.

The Halifax heroes are said to have produced some commission of Mr. Jefferson Davis. What then? Suppose they had set upon the engineer in Broadway at midnight, and had shot him there instead of on the deck of the *Chesapeake*, upon the ground that Jefferson Davis was at war with the citizens of the United States, would Davis's commission have saved their necks from the halter? Is poor Halifax so sadly short of heroes that any man who under any circumstances murders another is enough to excite its enthusiasm, provided only the crime be done in the interest of human slavery?

"Prominent citizens" held the officers of the law while the criminals were carried off. They were British citizens, and they defied the British law. If British law can not vindicate its authority we, of course, have no remedy. The Extradition Treaty gives us the persons of criminals. But if the authorities can not find them, or if they suffer them to be concealed without inquiry, we can not compel another power to enforce its own municipal law. But it did not need this bald outrage to prove the hatred with which the Blue Noses regard us. We wish them joy of their heroism and their heroes.

A FICTION.

THE great argument against emancipation with the more ignorant part of the people has been that the free States would be overrun with colored laborers who would take the work out of the hands and the bread out of the mouths of white men. It is now a year since the policy was proclaimed and the slaves freed. There are thousands of poor fugitives within our lines for whom every kind heart will do what it can—but are we overrun? Are laborers of any kind too numerous? Are wages hopelessly low? Is it not perfectly clear that the assertion of danger to the laboring interest at the North was the merest political fiction.

It was part of that policy to which the rump of a great party has been reduced, the policy of attaining and securing power by appeals to the prejudices and passions of the most ignorant citizens.

The only distinctive and true democracy is that which asserts the original American principle, that every man is born with certain rights which society is bound to respect. But the faction which still calls itself the Democratic party is distinguished chiefly by its frank contempt for human rights. Its chief effort is to inflame Irishmen against negroes. What a lofty endeavor! What a noble party! How secure the honor, peace, and prosperity of the country would be were they only confided to such hands!

A BAD HABIT.

MUCH of the value of public meetings in the city of New York is lost for two reasons. The first is, that nobody believes the speakers who are announced will really address the meeting; and the other is, that every body knows half of the gentlemen whose names are used as vice-presidents, in order to give weight to the proceedings, have never been consulted upon the subject. It is no excuse to say that a man is known to sympathize with the object of a meeting. So he might be known to be generous enough to subscribe money for that object. But what should we say of the friend so confident of his generosity as to forge his name to a check? To use a man's name without his permission is always a kind of forgery.

A famous popular orator—we think it was Mr. Beecher—whose name had been announced without his permission as a speaker at a meeting, went quietly to the church and took a back seat. After some time the chairman rose and said that he regretted extremely that Mr. Beecher, who had been expected, was not present. Upon which a voice called out from the neighborhood of the door, "Mr. Beecher *is* present. But he was not expected, for he was never asked." He then proceeded to castigate the committee and the practice, and having made a speech rather different from that set down in the programme, took his hat and departed. It would be a useful corrective of a bad habit if gentlemen who are advertised without permission to address meetings would publicly announce before the meeting took place that they had not been invited and would not speak.

A NOBLE PRECEDENT.

THERE has been a great deal of sharp and contemptuous censure of the late Lord Mayor of London, who complained to Lord Palmerston that he had not been ennobled, as having been the civic chief at the time of the reception of the Prince and Princess of Wales by the City of London. He contended that it was one of the perquisites of his office, and implied that he could not overlook the slight lest it should prove a precedent for future insults to the city. The papers were very humorous about it. "It is not for services of china," said one, "but for another kind of service that the Queen ennobles her subjects." "Indeed," says another, naming certain noblemen famous only for being dependents of lords in the Government, "and what, pray, are the services for which they have been favored?"

But the late Lord Mayor has distinguished precedents beyond the city. When Lord George Germain, who was American Secretary during our Revolution, was compelled to resign by the surrender of Cornwallis and the failure of the war, the King asked him if he could do any thing to show his gratitude for his services. Upon which Lord George answered very promptly that if his Majesty would raise him to the peerage it would be a very pretty reward. The King assented, and Lord George, in for a penny in for a pound, added that since his Majesty was so gracious, he would perhaps allow him to say that he would like to be created a viscount. The King smiled, and assented again, asking him what title he would choose. Lord George,

prepared for every contingency, replied that he had already settled upon the Viscounty of Sackville and the Barony of Bolebrook. The King immediately sat down, wrote the titles, and sent them to the Chancellor to have the business perfected. After which the gentleman, who had conducted the war which lost Great Britain her fairest colonies, retired from the royal presence a peer of the realm, and presently took his seat as Lord Sackville.

If Lord George Germain was made a viscount for such services, why might not the Mayor of London be made a baronet for his politeness to the Princess Alexandra?

FROM A PRIVATE LETTER.

LET nobody be deterred from reading the following extract because it is long. It is from a private letter of one of the most conspicuous of our friends in England, who has maintained our cause with a courage, ability, and fidelity which will be forever honored in this country:

"I wish you to know that although the opinions of the *Times* are the opinions of a frightful number of our gentry and journalists, there are, nevertheless, many among us by whom the sentiments and tone of our press, and of what we call 'society,' touching your great struggle, are regarded not only with regret, but with wonder and with shame.

"That the news of a dissolution of partnership between the free and the slave States should have been received with satisfaction in England was intelligible and natural. It seemed to be like the removal of a diseased member—throwing away the worser part to live the purer with the other half. The free States, we thought, would thenceforth be free to become uncompromising antagonists of slavery, instead of accomplices; would still occupy a portion of the globe of extent enormous to our insular ideas, and certainly, both large enough and rich enough to employ all their energies for centuries to come; would be strengthened, not weakened, by compression; and in casting the slave States loose would cast off the burden of every one of the graver imputations which lay upon the national morals, manners, and policy. This view—and this I think was the view most generally taken at first—may have been short-sighted, but it was in conformity with all our English feelings, opinions, and habits of thought, and compatible with a sincere respect for all those features in the character of the United States which belong properly to the North. Seen in this light, the policy of a war for the preservation of the Union was a question fairly debatable; and if there are not among ourselves many persons who took the same view, it must, I think, have been because the question involved elements known to you, and not known to us. But that, the war having broken out, and the two parties being actually in conflict, any Englishman, not commercially interested in the issue, should wish the South to win, is a thing which I should have thought impossible beforehand, and which I can not now understand or explain. That having taken up a position so absurdly false, they should have endeavored to support it as they have done, is less surprising; though the amount of partiality, misrepresentation, arrogance, and ignorance which has been exhibited by these anonymous censors-general of the universe in treating of your affairs, must have been amusing to you—or would have been so, if the matters at issue had been less tragical. I have nothing to say in excuse, and my only hope is that the excess will carry the cure; and that instead of resenting, you will be content with despising them. So treated, it will be found, I think, that all this apparent animosity has no real mischief in it; it is only froth, and has no force for operation. It neither indicates nor tends to induce any national action, either administrative or popular.

"The Government means to stand neutral, and is put under no pressure by it. The laboring classes, who have suffered most, can not be persuaded that a war in which all the slave interest takes one side, and all the free interest the other, is not a war about slavery, nor yet that it is good for laborers to be slaves, and their sympathy has all along been with the North. So, I believe, is that of the middle class, in whose hands are the issue of elections; and if there should be a general election now, turning on the question, 'Federal or Confederate?' I am persuaded that the Federal cause would carry it by a great majority. Emigration seems to be flowing toward the Northern States almost as usual, scarcely checked or diverted. The *Times* thunders away, but nothing happens in consequence. False prophecies and unjust criticisms will be detected and exposed by the course of events, till the credit of the prophet is in danger. Then, as the *Times* never stands by a cause which is expected to lose the day, one or two leading articles will prepare its readers for a change of mind. A new special correspondent (or the old one with new instructions) will send home a new story. Every thing that has been abused will be praised; every thing that has been praised will be abused, as a matter of course, and just as if it had always been so. For about a week some of its readers will wonder, some look grave, most laugh; but before a fortnight is over they will be following its lead just as credulously as they are doing now—judging as it judges, expecting what it foretells, believing what it reports. And then the state of feeling which is expressing itself at present in so many voices that it sounds to you like the voice of the nation, will pass away, and leave (on this side of the Atlantic) no trace at all; provided only that you, on your side, have pride or magnanimity enough to treat it with the contempt which it really deserves. The only result which, in my opinion, is to be seriously apprehended is this: that, being mistaken for an evidence of *national* hostility and ill-will, it may provoke some retaliatory act of hostility on your side, assailing *our* national sense of honor, an act which might certainly lead to a dangerous quarrel. For it must not be forgotten that the classes which are most in sympathy with you in your present struggle are quite as touchy and obstinate on the point of national honor as the fashionable classes are; that they were never more loyal to the Crown and all its belongings—never better friends with the aristocracy—never less disposed to let pass an affront to the nation, or ready to go farther in resisting or resenting it. Any quarrel taken up by the Government in vindication of the rights and dignities of England would at this moment be supported enthusiastically by people of all classes; and a miserable thing it will be if any such quarrel should again arise between you and us. That we should have parted, a century since, enemies instead of friends, is probably the greatest misfortune that has happened to the world in modern times, considering how much good would have come to both through a more cordial intercourse with the other, and in how large a degree the future of humanity depends upon our several characters and principles of action. I had hoped that the remains of the hostile spirit was rapidly disappearing on both sides. I do trust that a mistaking of the sentiments of the *Times* for the sentiments of the English people may not lead to any revival of it."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

SENATE.—*December* 16. By Mr. Wade, memorials from ladies for law emancipating all persons of African descent.—By Mr. Saulsbury, memorial from clergyman asking to be exempted from draft; the Senator said that clergymen who attend to their spiritual duties should be exempt, but that political parsons should be placed in the front ranks and made to fight till the war was over.—By Mr. Wilson, memorial from officers of colored regiments, asking for the same pay and bounty as given to other troops.—Mr. Wilson reported back joint resolution of thanks to General Grant and his army, recommending its adoption: adopted.—By Mr. Lane of Kansas, resolution of inquiry relative to treatment of our Kansas prisoners; he said that there had been seen seven Kansas prisoners in irons, among others not ironed, and that it was averred they were to be put to death: adopted.—By Mr. Hale, bill amending enrollment act.—Mr. Wilson reported back, with amendments, bill respecting back pay and bounty.—By Mr. Sumner, bill to satisfy claims of American citizens by reason of French spoliations.——*December* 17. Mr. Hale rose to a question of order. It had been charged that he had been guilty of bribery in accepting fees for defending prisoners charged by the War Department with offenses. The Senator explained the transactions. He had acted as friend and counsel of Dr. Bliss, Superintendent of the Armory Square Hospital. The result of the trial was that the accused was acquitted, and recommended to be restored to his place. Subsequently he was requested to act as counsel for Mr. Hunt, with an offer of $2000 as a retaining fee; after consultation with his friends, among whom was Senator Johnson, of Maryland, Mr. Hale accepted the work, and received $1000. He asked for a Committee to inquire whether he had been guilty of conduct inconsistent with his duty as a Senator: agreed to.—By Mr. Wade, that the Secretary of the Navy furnish the dispatches connected with the various actions of our iron-clad vessels, and other matters pertaining thereto: agreed to.—A Message was received from the President, inclosing a letter from a Committee representing the Freedman's Aid Societies of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Cincinnati. The President submitted the matter to Congress, with an urgent recommendation that it should receive the most careful attention.——*December* 18. Mr. Grimes wished to be excused from service on the Committee on Naval Affairs; he was on two other Committees. Mr. Hale, the Chairman of the Committee, said that the services of Mr. Grimes would be very important, and the matter was laid over.—Memorials were presented desiring the prohibition of slavery in the States and Territories. The Committee on Military Affairs reported back the Bounty law, with amendments; other amendments were proposed, which were ordered to be printed.—A resolution, offered by Mr. Sumner, that to the rules of the Senate should be added that every Senator should, before entering upon his duties, take in open Senate the oath prescribed by the Act of July 2, 1862, came up for consideration. Mr. Saulsbury, of Maryland, said that his colleague, Mr. Bayard, was the only Senator affected by the resolution; there was nothing in the oath itself which he or his colleague could not take, but the constitutionality of requiring it was doubtful. A long debate ensued, in the course of which Mr. Bayard said that he could not without a decision of the Senate voluntarily take the oath, though there was nothing in it to which he objected. His past life should be a guarantee against any suspicion of disloyalty; but the oath referred to civil officers, and Senators were not civil officers. Mr. Saulsbury moved that the question be referred to the Judiciary Committee: this motion was lost by a vote of 26 to 15.—The Senate went into a brief executive session, and then adjourned to Monday, December 21.——*December* 21. Various petitions were presented, among which were, that ministers of the Gospel should be considered non-combatants, that slavery should be wholly abolished; that tobacco rations should be furnished to the army.—Mr. Wilson gave notice of a bill making it illegal for members of Congress to serve as counsel in any case in which the United States is interested.—Mr. Morgan submitted resolution calling for names of officers and soldiers who have resigned or deserted: adopted.—Mr. Sumner's oath resolution was further discussed.—The bounty and pay bill then came up, and several amendments were proposed and rejected, the main point being as to the payment of large bounties. Mr. Fessenden opposed this, and said the true principle was that no man had a right to refuse his services when called for; the Government could enforce the demand, and should do so. Mr. Wilson was in favor of bounties and the commutation clause. Mr. Lane of Indiana said our armies could not be filled from conscripts alone; 3,000,000 were subject to draft, of whom, under this law, only 426,000 could be brought into the field, of whom 20,000 or 30,000 would be deserters.

HOUSE.—*December* 16. The Speaker announced Select Committees, of which the following are Chairmen: Pacific Railroad, Stevens; Emigration, Washburne of Illinois; Rebellious States, Davis of Maryland.—By Mr. Grinnell, resolution that Confederate prisoners have been treated with humane consideration, while our prisoners at Richmond are suffering unto death for food and clothing, and that the enemy had refused to continue to receive food and clothing forwarded to our prisoners; and that this conduct is at war with the sentiment of the age, and deserves execration: adopted.—By Mr. Wilson, that the Committee on Roads and Canals inquire into the expediency of constructing a canal around the rapids of the Mississippi, commencing at Keokuk, Iowa: adopted.—By Mr. Cole, that the Committee on Military Affairs inquire into the expediency of increasing the rank of provost marshals: adopted.—By Mr. Sloan, that the Committee on Roads and Canals inquire into the expediency of a through line of railway from New York to Washington: laid on the table.—By Mr. Cole, resolutions of California Legislature urging a reduction of the tax on wine.—By Mr. Spaulding, bill to construe the word volunteer in Enrollment Act to include sailors as well as soldiers: referred to committee.—By Mr. Kenney, delegate from Utah, that Government needs all its soldiers; that there are companies now in Utah, removed from usefulness; and that the Committee on Military Affairs inquire into the reasons for stationing a standing army among that peaceful and loyal people: rejected.—By Mr. Rollins, resolution in favor of a hearty support of such measures for overcoming the rebellion as will not subvert the Constitution; that the present war has been forced upon the country; that Congress will banish all feelings of resentment, and recollect only its duty to the whole country; that the war is not waged for subjugation, or to interfere with the constitutions of the States, but to maintain the Constitution and the dignity and equality of the States; and that when these objects are attained the war should cease: the motion to lay this resolution on the table was negatived by 115 to 52; debate arising, it was laid over.—By Mr. Loan, resolution declaring that the act suspending the writ of *habeas corpus* does not apply to cases arising in consequence of the action of any State Government to compel military service: referred.—By Mr. Kasson, that the Committee on Military Affairs inquire into the treatment by the enemy of our dead, wounded, and prisoners: adopted.—By Mr. Longyear, that the Committee on Military Affairs inquire into the expediency of amending the Enrolling Act, so that the right of aged and infirm parents to select one son for enrollment shall rest on the fact that the parents are dependent for support on the labor of their sons.—By Mr. M'Clung, to provide for the deficiency in the pay of troops in the Western Department of Missouri.—By Mr. Kasson, resolution that the Committee on Claims inquire into the delays in the payment of disabled and deceased soldiers.——*December* 17. The Committee on Naval Affairs reported the joint resolution of thanks to Captain John Rodgers, Mr. Cox moving in vain an amendment of thanks to Admiral David D. Porter.—On motion of Mr. Wilson of Iowa the proper Committees were instructed to inquire into the legislation necessary to secure pensions to the widows and children of those who die in the service; and to enable those in the naval and military service to have the benefit of the Homestead Law.—By Mr. Price, resolution respecting the enlargement of the northern canals, so as to connect the navigation of the Hudson and the Mississippi with the Great Lakes.—Mr. Rogers gave notice of a bill to increase the pay of soldiers, and to refund to States and municipal corporations the sums paid to volunteers.—Mr. Harrington presented a series of resolutions censuring the course of the Administration in regard to its action in suspending the writ of *habeas corpus*, and instructing the Judiciary Committee to report a bill in accordance with these declarations: rejected by 89 to 67.—On motion of Mr. Morrill, the Secretary of the Treasury was required to furnish documents showing the operation of the Reciprocity Treaty.—Mr. Edgerton offered resolutions censuring the President's Proclamation of Amnesty, and denouncing the invasion or occupation of any State for the purpose of changing its laws or institutions: laid on the table by a vote of 90 to 66.—Mr. Smith of Kentucky offered a series of resolutions favoring a vigorous prosecution of the war, and opposing any armistice so long as there is a rebel in arms; ignoring all party lines, and recognizing only patriots and traitors. A motion to lay these resolutions on the table was negatived by 100 to 60, and they were passed by a vote of 93 to 64.—A vote then came up on resolutions previously offered by Mr. Smith, in the following words: "Resolved, *That we hold it to be the duty of Congress to pass all necessary bills to supply men and money, and the duty of the people to render every aid in their power to the constituted authorities of the government in crushing out the rebellion:*" agreed to by 152 to 1; and "Resolved, *That our thanks are tendered to our soldiers in the field for their gallantry in defending and upholding the flag of the Union, and defending the great principles dear to every American patriot:*" agreed to by 160 to 1—Mr. Harris, of Maryland, being the only member voting against these two resolutions.—The House then adjourned to Monday, 21.——*December* 21. Letter from the President respecting Freedman's Aid Society referred to Committee on Emancipation.—Message received from the President signing resolution offering thanks to General Grant and a gold medal, being the first completed act of the session.—Mr. Blow, from Committee on Ways and Means, reported bill appropriating $700,000 for paying Missouri troops; Mr. Cox opposed the consideration of the bill at present; debate arising the matter was laid over till next day. Mr. Yeaman, of Kentucky, offered a series of resolutions to the effect that the Confederate conspiracy does not extinguish the rights of any States, but that their citizens can resume their civil government on the only condition that their government is republican, and that it is sufficient for those who are loyal and qualified by the election laws of the States to assume their State Government, and that this is sufficient evidence of loyalty; referred to Committee on Rebellious States.—Mr. Spaulding moved for Select Committee on a National Bankrupt act; motion to lay on the table lost by 69 to 86; resolution adopted.—After some minor business Mr. Miller offered a resolution requesting the President to instruct those having in charge the exchange of prisoners to exchange white man for white man, leaving the question of negro prisoners to be disposed of hereafter; a motion to lay this on the table was refused, 85 to 73; when Mr. Washburne offered as a substitute a resolution approving of the course of the Administration in the matter of the exchange of prisoners, and recommending that it be pursued, to secure a fair and just exchange of all our prisoners: the substitute was adopted, 85 to 63.—The bill appropriating $20,000,000 for bounties, etc., to volunteers came up, the House being in Committee of the Whole. After some debate the bill was reported. Mr. Harding offered an amendment that no part of the money should be expended in arming or paying negro soldiers: lost, 145 to 41; the bill was then passed without a dissenting vote.—After some unimportant business, Mr. Cox offered a resolution instructing the Committee on Military Affairs to inquire into the expediency of repealing the Enrolling Act of March 3, 1863, and in lieu of it to report a bill calling forth the militia to execute the laws and suppress insurrection, providing for the arming of the militia, and reserving to the States the appointment of officers and the authority for training; or, if that be not expedient, that the Committee inquire into the expediency of repealing the $300 exemption clause: debate arising on this resolution, it was laid over.

OUR ARMIES.

There are no reliable accounts of any important military operations during the week. In Virginia the rebel guerrillas have made several bold dashes, attended, however, with no important results. The siege of Charleston still goes on, and General Gilmore has on several days reopened fire upon the city. If Southern accounts are to be relied upon, little damage has been done. The storm during which the *Weehawken* went down was supposed also to have swept away most of the obstructions in the harbor, and to have left Charleston open to our fleet. Richmond papers of December 19 contain the following telegram from Charleston: "The *Ironsides* and three Monitors, while attempting to pass the obstructions, became entangled. The *Ironsides* will probably have to be abandoned. Two of the Monitors were also badly disabled." We must await our own accounts before we can judge of the accuracy of this statement.——The most reliable accounts from Tennessee represent the army lately commanded by Bragg, now by Hardee, to be in the neighborhood of Dalton, Georgia, greatly demoralized. The positions, movements, and designs of our army under General Grant are carefully concealed.——Of the Confederate army, under Longstreet, nothing definite is known after its retreat from Knoxville. Another week will probably bring us important intelligence from our forces in the West and Southwest.

THE CAPTURE OF THE "CHESAPEAKE."

The *Chesapeake* was captured on the 17th of December by the gun-boat *Ella and Annie*, Captain Clary, in Sambro Harbor, not far from Halifax, Nova Scotia. The vessel had dodged around in the British waters for some days. During this dodging she went into Lahave River, where a portion of the cargo was sold to the inhabitants, sugar bringing three cents a pound, and flour three dollars a barrel. The vessel was finally taken into Sambro Harbor by a British pilot. By this time the pursuing vessels had come up with the *Chesapeake;* the captain and nearly all of the crew escaped, and the vessel was taken. The capture having been made in British waters, the vessel was transferred to the British authorities for adjudication. When the crew was landed at Halifax a great excitement arose. The prisoners, apparently in spite of the government officers, were rescued by the crowd and put on board a boat, which sailed down the bay. Thus the entire gang of murderers are at liberty. The conduct of the people and authorities of Halifax in this matter must receive close investigation from our Government.

CONFEDERATE FINANCES.

The report of Mr. Memminger, the Confederate Secretary of the Treasury, presents a gloomy picture of Southern finances. The leading figures, stated in round millions, are these: From January 1 to September 30 the expenditures were 519 millions, of which 378 millions were for the War Department. The nominal receipts were 601 millions, of which taxes produced a little more than 4 millions, and customs a little less than 1 million. These 5 millions were all the real revenues of the Confederate Government, the remainder being paper, of one kind and another, issued by it. The entire public debt of the Confederacy, represented by its paper, is 800 millions, the amount of Confederate currency now in circulation, which Mr. Memminger considers to be five times the amount demanded by the wants of the South. The estimates for the present year bring this debt to 1427 millions. The consequence is that one dollar in Confederate currency is now worth from eight to ten cents. Mr. Memminger presents an elaborate scheme to remedy this evil; it is in effect simply a repudiation of the existing debt of the Confederacy, the holders of its notes being left to bear the loss. Unless something of this kind is done, he says, the Confederacy must succumb.

CONFEDERATE CONSCRIPTION.

The new conscription bill reported some days since, and probably now passed, provides that all white males between 16 and 55 shall be in the military service; that those between 16 and 18, and between 45 and 55, shall belong to the reserve; the remainder, that is, those between 18 and 45, to be in the field; as soon as those below 18 reach that age they are to be transferred from the reserve to the army in the field; persons liable to duty in the reserve, and failing to report, to be conscribed to the field; no person to be relieved from the operations of this law by reason of having been discharged from the army, unless physically disabled, or by having furnished a substitute; all laws granting exemptions to be repealed; the only exemptions hereafter allowed being those physically unfit for military service, ministers of religion, superintendents of asylums for deaf, dumb, blind, and insane, one editor for each newspaper, the employés in newspaper establishments, and physicians and apothecaries. If this law can be carried into effect, it will be the nearest approach that has ever been made to an absolute levy *en masse*.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE DANISH QUESTION.

THE question of the Danish succession—or rather, of the succession to certain territories for a long time connected with Denmark, has suddenly come up, and threatens to occasion a European war. The details are so complicated that the most astute diplomatists seem incapable of understanding them. The essential points are, however, quite comprehensible. The Danish kingdom has for some generations comprised two portions, with a population distinct in race, language, and affinities. These are Denmark proper, and certain duchies on the German side of the Sound, chief among which are Schleswig and Holstein. These duchies also belong to the cumbrous organization known as the Germanic Confederation, and are represented in the Diet. The people of the duchies have long wished to be free from their connection with Denmark. Some fifteen years ago this desire seemed on the point of accomplishment. By the laws of Denmark proper the succession passes in the female as well as in the male line; by the Salic law, recognized in the duchies, it passes only in the male line. As it was morally and physically certain, about 1846, that the heir to the crown, who afterward became King Frederick VII., just deceased, would leave no heirs, upon his death the duchies would become separated from Denmark, just as Hanover was from Great Britain upon the death of William IV., Victoria, by English law, succeeding to the British crown, and her father's younger brother, by German law, to that of Hanover. Hoping to prevent this dismemberment of his dominions, the Danish king then reigning (Christian VIII., father of the late Frederick VII.), not long before his death issued an edict establishing a uniform law of succession in all his dominions. Frederick VII., not long after, upon the death of his father, succeeded by an unquestioned title to all of his dominions. This took place in 1848, the "revolutionary year." The new law of succession, which during the life of Frederick was practically inoperative, formed the pretext for an uprising in Holstein. The Germans supported their kinsmen of the duchies, moved partly by sympathy of race, but likely more by the desire to have possession of Kiel, the best port on the Baltic. Some sharp fighting took place, and at length England and Russia intervened, and undertook to settle the question of the Danish succession. The King failing of issue, the family next in succession was that of Augustenburg. They were of German stock, and nearly all of them had opposed the union of the duchies with Denmark. They were therefore unpopular in Denmark, while greatly in favor in Holstein. There was, however, a younger cousin, named Christian, whose poverty, and perhaps his inclinations, had kept him apart from politics. He and his heirs were pitched upon as successors to the Danish crown, the head of the family, the Duke of Augustenburg, formally resigning his claims in consideration of the payment of a couple of millions of dollars. This arrangement took the form of a treaty formally sanctioned by all the Great Powers of Europe, and at length confirmed by the Danish Parliament. It seems, however, that the duchies were not represented in this Parliament; that the German Confederation, as such, was not consulted, though Austria and Prussia, its principal members, guaranteed the treaty; and that there were some provisions made in favor of the duchies. Yet, notwithstanding these possible drawbacks, Prince Christian was generally recognized as heir-presumptive of the Danish crown, and though as yet only a quiet country gentleman of limited means and with a large household to support, he and his were adopted into the royal families. So when the Prince of Wales was willing to finish sowing his wild oats and take a wife, a daughter of Christian was considered quite eligible for the place; and when the Greeks, having expelled their Bavarian monarch, wanted a king, and having vainly tried to obtain one royal youngster after another, fixed upon a son of the heir-presumptive to the Danish crown, their choice was ratified by the monarchs of Europe. The Prince, moreover, had several other sons and daughters of marriageable age, who might, in case of need, become husbands or wives to European princes and princesses, whose choice was sadly limited, unless they dared follow the example of Louis Napoleon, and marry whom they pleased. This apparent blessing of a large and promising family proved a trouble to the Prince of Denmark when he became king upon the death of his predecessor, at the middle of last November. The people of the duchies saw that there was no reasonable prospect of a failure of the direct male line, which would set them free from Denmark. No sooner was Christian IX. proclaimed King of Denmark than Prince Frederick, the heir of the elder branch of the House of Augustenburg, put in his claims as Duke of Holstein, which the people at once acknowledged. Several of the minor German princes have recognized these claims. The new Danish king has been making preparations to enforce his authority in the duchies; they are preparing to resist, expecting to be supported by the German Confederation. There is no dispute as to the right of Christian IX. in Denmark proper. The question is as to the duchies. England has formally asserted that his right here is perfect. Austria declares that it depended upon certain conditions which have not been executed, the nonfulfillment of which may invalidate his claim. The Prussian Government remains, as usual, non-committal to the last possible moment. If, said the Prussian Minister, Denmark had carried out the provisions of the treaty, much as we may regret that we entered into it, we must have recognized the sovereignty of Christian IX. over Holstein; but as these provisions have not been carried out, the Government of Prussia is free to decide whether it shall consider itself absolved from the London Treaty. In the mean while the people of Prussia, as represented in the Chamber of Deputies, seem to have no doubt on the question. On the 18th of December, by a vote of 231 to 63 it was declared that "the honor and interests of Germany demand that all the Germanic States should support the rights of the hereditary Prince Frederick to the duchies of Schleswig and Holstein." Next after the question of Russia and Poland that of Denmark and Holstein was the most important one proposed for discussion in the Congress to which the French Emperor invited the European Sovereigns.

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

THE army has lost one of its most efficient and worthy officers in the death of Major-General BUFORD. General BUFORD was a graduate of West Point, and was appointed Brigadier-General of Volunteers on the 27th of July, 1862, when he received the command of a cavalry brigade under General POPE. Afterward he was assigned to the command of the regular cavalry brigade of the entire Army of the Potomac, which he held until the cavalry corps was organized in three separate divisions, when he was placed in command of the First Division. Through the past ten months, in all the severest campaigns, he has served with the most distinguished gallantry. Two or three days before his death he was ordered to the command of the cavalry in the Army of the Cumberland. He died at Washington of typoid fever, December 15, forty years of age. Just before his death he received from the President his commission as Major-General, which was dated from July 4, 1863. BUFORD was held to be the best field cavalry officer in the army, and the whole country will regret his loss.

For the past two weeks recruiting in this city has gone on quite rapidly, over one hundred per day having enlisted under the new call.

General ROUSSEAU has recently been appointed commander of a portion of the Army of the Cumberland.

A new command, it is said, is soon to be given to General CURTIS, the President having concluded that the charges against him, in connection with the alleged cotton speculations, are utterly unfounded.

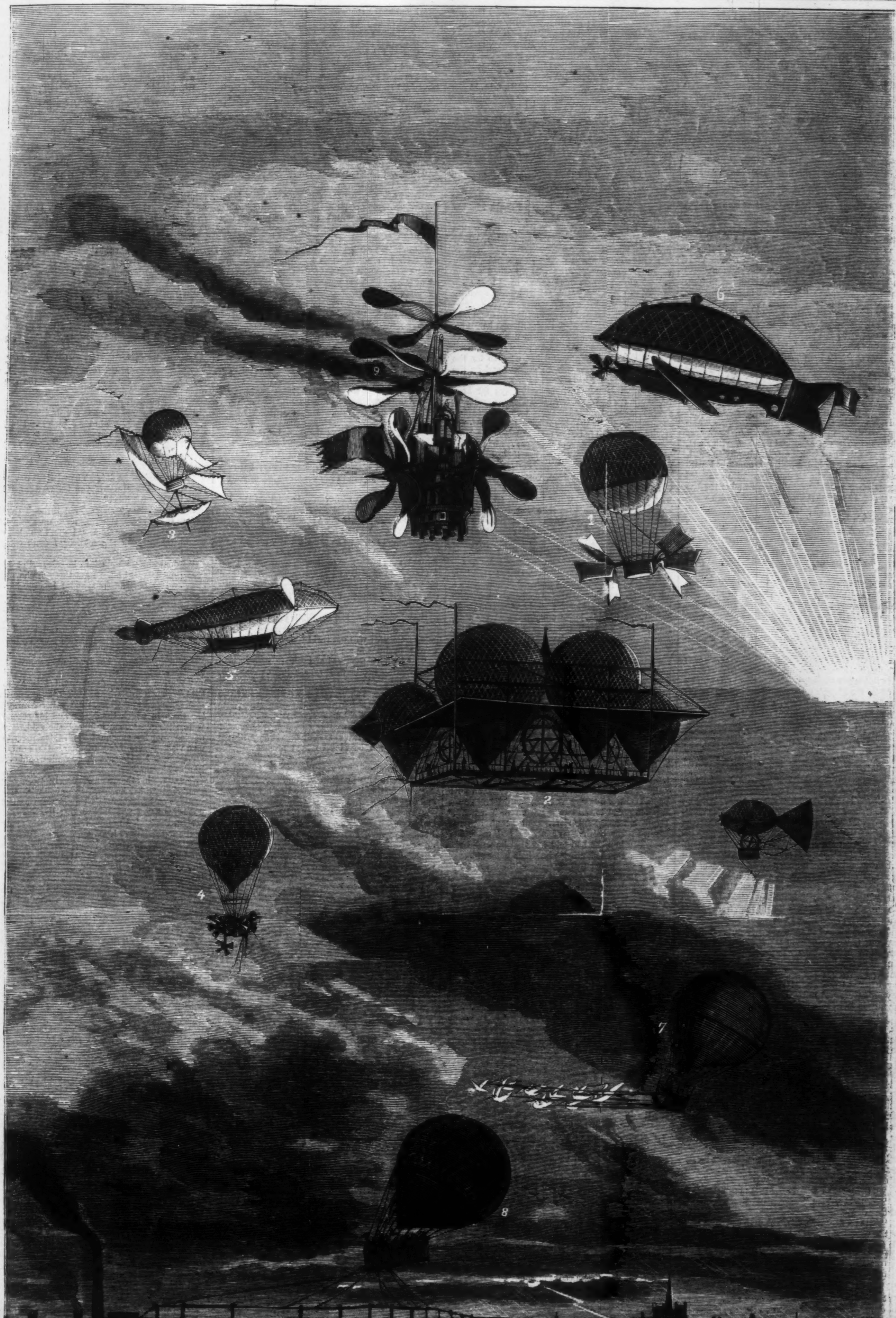
Commodore VAN BRUNT, of the United States Navy, died last Friday (December 18) at Dedham, Massachusetts.

The *G. O. Bigelow*, recently captured by the transport *Fulton*, and then dismissed, has been retaken and destroyed about thirty miles southward from Beaufort.

The probabilities are that the price exemption will be increased instead of being entirely withdrawn from the Bill of Enrollment.

The *Morning Star*, from New Orleans, brings a report of a piracy similar to that involved in the case of the *Chesapeake*. The schooner *Joseph L. Gerety*, bound from Matamoras, November 16, to New York, was captured the second day out by a party of persons, six in number, who shipped as passengers for New York from Matamoras. The officers and crew of the schooner were confined on board eight days, when they were put into a small boat, and after ten days' floating about they landed at Sisal, from whence the captain and supercargo got passage to Havana.

THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND—GENERAL BAIRD'S DIVISION CAPTURING THE REBEL GUNS ON THE LEFT OF MISSIONARY RIDGE.—From a Sketch by Mr. Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 11.]



1. Alban's System.—2. Petin's System.—3. Henin's System.—4. Helle's System.—5. Julien and Sanson's System.—6. Jarcot's System.—7. Telsol's System.—8. Moreau-Seguin's "Captive Balloon."—9. Nadar's System.

DIFFERENT SYSTEMS OF SAILING IN THE AIR.—[SEE PAGE 11.]

THE TWO GENERALS.

A CHRISTMAS STORY OF THE WAR.

NEAR to the little State capital of Frankfort, Kentucky, there lived at Christmas-time of 1860, an old man, Major Reckenthorpe by name, whose life had been marked by many circumstances which had made him well known throughout Kentucky. He had sat for nearly thirty years in the Congress of the United States, representing his own State sometimes as Senator, and sometimes in the lower House. Though called a major he was by profession a lawyer, and as such had lived successfully. Time had been when friends had thought it possible that he might fill the President's chair; but his name had been too much and too long in men's mouths for that.

Upon the whole he had been a good man, serving his country as best he knew how, and adhering honestly to his own political convictions. He had been and now was a slave-owner, but had voted in the Congress of his own State for the abolition of slavery in Kentucky. He had been a passionate man, and had lived not without the stain of blood on his hands, for duels had been familiar to him. But he had lived in a time and in a country in which it had been hardly possible for a leading public man not to be familiar with a pistol. He had been known as one whom no man could attack with impunity; but he had also been known as one who would not willingly attack any one. Now at the time of which I am writing he was old—almost on the shelf—past his duelings and his strong short invectives on the floors of Congress; but he was a man whom no age could tame, and still he was ever talking, thinking, and planning for the political well-being of his State.

In person he was tall, still upright, stiff and almost ungainly in his gait, with eager gray eyes which the waters of age could not dim, with short, thick, grizzled hair which age had hardly thinned, but which ever looked rough and uncombed, with large hands, which he stretched out with extended fingers when he spoke vehemently; and of the Major it may be said that he always spoke with vehemence. But now he was slow in his steps, and infirm on his legs. He suffered from rheumatism, sciatica, and other maladies of the old, which no energy of his own could repress. In these days he was a stern, unhappy, all but broken-hearted old man; for he saw that the work of his life had been wasted.

And he had another grief which at the Christmas of 1861 had already become terrible to him, and which afterward bowed him with sorrow to the ground. He had two sons, both of whom were then at home with him, having come together under the family roof-tree that they might discuss with their father the political position of their country, and especially the position of Kentucky. South Carolina had already seceded, and other Slave States were talking of secession. What should Kentucky do? So the Major's sons, young men of eight-and-twenty and five-and-twenty, met together at their father's house; they met and quarreled deeply, as their father had well known would be the case.

The eldest of these sons was at that time the owner of the slaves and land which his father had formerly possessed and farmed. He was a Southern gentleman, living on the produce of slave labor, and as such had learned to vindicate that social system which has produced as its result the war which is still raging at this Christmas of 1863. To him this matter of secession or non-secession was of vital import. He was prepared to declare that the wealth of the South was derived from its agriculture, and that its agriculture could only be supported by its slaves. His father, he said, was an old man, and might be excused by reason of his age from any active part in the contest that was coming. But for himself there could be but one duty—that of supporting the new Confederacy, to which he would belong, with all his strength and with whatever wealth was his own.

The second son had been educated at West Point, and was now an officer in the National army. A large proportion of the officers in the pay of the United States leagued themselves with Secession, but Frank Reckenthorpe declared that he would be loyal to the Government which he served; and in saying so, seemed to imply that the want of such loyalty in any other person would be disgraceful.

"I can understand your feeling," said his brother, who was known as Tom Reckenthorpe, "on the assumption that you think more of being a soldier than of being a man; but not otherwise."

"Even if I were no soldier, I would not be a rebel," said Frank.

"How a man can be a rebel for sticking to his own country I can not understand," said Tom.

"Your own country!" said Frank. "Is it to be Kentucky or South Carolina? And is it to be a republic or a monarchy; or shall we hear of Emperor Davis? You already belong to the greatest nation on the earth, and you are preparing yourself to belong to the least; that is, if you should be successful. Luckily for yourself, you have no chance of success."

"At any rate I will do my best to fight for it."

"Nonsense, Tom," said the old man, who was sitting by.

"It is no nonsense, Sir. A man can fight without having been at West Point. Whether he can do so after having his spirit drilled and drummed out of him there, I don't know."

"Tom!" said the old man.

"Don't mind him, father," said the younger. "His appetite for fighting will soon be over. Even yet I doubt whether we shall ever see a regiment in arms sent from the Southern States against the Union."

"Do you?" said Tom. "If you stick to your colors, as you say you will, your doubts will soon be set at rest. And I'll tell you what, if your regiment is brought into the field, I trust that I may find myself opposite to it. You have chosen to forget that we are brothers, and you shall find that I can forget it also."

"Tom!" said the father, "you should not say such words as that; at any rate, in my presence."

"It is true, Sir," said he. "A man who speaks as he speaks does not belong to Kentucky, and can be no brother of mine. If I were to meet him face to face, I would as soon shoot him as another; sooner, because he is a renegade."

"You are very wicked—very wicked," said the old man, rising from his chair—"very wicked." And then, leaning on his stick, he left the room.

"Indeed, what he says is true," said a sweet, soft voice from a sofa in the far corner of the room. "Tom, you are very wicked to speak to your brother thus. Would you take on yourself the part of Cain?"

"He is more silly than wicked, Ada," said the soldier. "He will have no chance of shooting me, or of seeing me shot. He may succeed in getting himself locked up as a rebel; but I doubt whether he'll ever go beyond that."

"If I ever find myself opposite to you with a pistol in my grasp," said the elder brother, "may my right hand—"

But his voice was stopped, and the imprecation remained unuttered. The girl who had spoken rushed from her seat and put her hand before his mouth. "Tom," she said, "I will never speak to you again if you utter such an oath—never." And her eyes flashed fire at his and made him dumb.

Ada Forster called Mrs. Reckenthorpe her aunt, but the connection between them was not so near as that of aunt and niece. Ada, nevertheless, lived with the Reckenthorpes, and had done so for the last two years. She was an orphan, and on the death of her father had followed her father's sister-in-law from Maine down to Kentucky; for Mrs. Reckenthorpe had come from that farthest and most strait-laced State of the Union, in which people bind themselves by law to drink neither beer, wine, nor spirits, and all go to bed at nine o'clock. But Ada Forster was an heiress, and therefore it was thought well by the elder Reckenthorpes that she should marry one of their sons. Ada Forster was also a beauty, with slim, tall form, very pleasant to the eye; with bright, speaking eyes and glossy hair; with ivory teeth of the whitest, only to be seen now and then when a smile could be won from her; and therefore such a match was thought desirable also by the younger Reckenthorpes. But unfortunately it had been thought desirable by each of them, whereas the father and mother had intended Ada for the soldier.

I have not space in this short story to tell how progress had been made in the troubles of this love affair. So it was now that Ada had consented to become the wife of the elder brother—of Tom Reckenthorpe, with his home among the slaves—although she, with all her New England feelings strong about her, hated slavery and all its adjuncts. But when has love staid to be guided by any such consideration as that? Tom Reckenthorpe was a handsome, high-spirited, intelligent man. So was his brother Frank. But Tom Reckenthorpe could be soft to a woman, and in that, I think, had he found the means of his success. Frank Reckenthorpe was never soft.

Frank had gone angrily from home when, some three months since, Ada had told him her determination. His brother had been then absent, and they had not met till this their Christmas meeting. Now it had been understood between them, by the intervention of their mother, that they would say nothing to each other as to Ada Forster. The elder had, of course, no cause for saying aught, and Frank was too proud to wish to speak on such a matter before his successful rival. But Frank had not given up the battle. When Ada had made her speech to him, he had told her that he would not take it as conclusive. "The whole tenor of Tom's life," he had said to her, "must be distasteful to you. It is impossible that you should live as the wife of a slave-owner."

"In a few years there will be no slaves in Kentucky," she had answered.

"Wait till then," he had answered; "and I also will wait." And so he had left her, resolving that he would bide his time. He thought that the right still remained to him of seeking Ada's hand, although she had told him that she loved his brother. "I know that such a marriage would make each of them miserable," he said to himself over and over again. And now that these terrible times had come upon them, and that he was going one way with the Union, while his brother was going the other way with Secession, he felt more strongly than ever that he might still be successful. The political predilections of American women are as strong as those of American men. And Frank Reckenthorpe knew that all Ada's feelings were as strongly in favor of the Union as his own. Had not she been born and bred in Maine? Was she not ever keen for total abolition, till even the old Major, with all his gallantry for womanhood and all his love for the young girl who had come to his house in his old age, would be driven occasionally by stress of feeling to rebuke her. Frank Reckenthorpe was patient, hopeful, and firm. The time must come when Ada would learn that she could not be a fit wife for his brother. The time had, he thought, perhaps come already; and so he spoke to her a word or two on the evening of that day on which she had laid her hand upon his brother's mouth.

"Ada," he had said, "there are bad times coming to us."

"Good times, I hope," she had answered. "No one could expect that the thing could be done without some struggle. When the struggle has passed we shall say that good times have come." The thing of which she spoke was that little thing of which she was ever thinking, the enfranchisement of four millions of slaves.

"I fear that there will be bad times first. Of course I am thinking of you now."

"Bad or good, they will not be worse to me than to others."

"They would be very bad to you if this State were to secede, and if you were to join your lot to my brother's. In the first place, all your fortune would be lost to him and to you."

"I do not see that; but of course I will caution him that it may be so. If it alters his views I shall hold him free to act as he chooses."

"But, Ada, should it not alter yours?"

"What—because of my money? or because Tom could not afford to marry a girl without a fortune?"

"I did not mean that. He might decide that for himself. But your marriage with him under such circumstances as those which he now contemplates would be as though you married a Spaniard or a Greek adventurer. You would be without country, without home, without fortune, and without standing-ground in the world. Look you, Ada, before you answer. I frankly own that I tell you this because I want you to be my wife and not his."

"Never, Frank; I shall never be your wife, whether I marry him or no."

"All I ask of you now is to pause. This is no time for marrying or for giving in marriage."

"There I agree with you; but as my word is pledged to him I shall let him be my adviser in that."

Late on that same night Ada saw her betrothed, and bade him adieu. She bade him adieu with many tears; for he came to tell her that he intended to leave Frankfort very early on the following morning. "My staying here now is out of the question," said he. "I am resolved to secede, whatever the State may do. My father is resolved against secession. It is necessary, therefore, that we should part. I have already left my father and mother, and now I have come to say good-by to you."

"And your brother, Tom?"

"I shall not see my brother again."

"And is that well, after such words as you have spoken to each other? Perhaps it may be that you will never see him again. Do you remember what you threatened?"

"I do remember what I threatened."

"And did you mean it?"

"No; of course I did not mean it. You, Ada, have heard me speak many angry words; but I do not think that you have known me do many angry things."

"Never one, Tom—never. See him, then, before you go, and tell him so."

"It will be better that we should not meet again. The truth is, Ada, that he always despises any one who does not think as he thinks. If I offered him my hand he would take it, but while doing so he would let me know that he thought me a fool. Then I should be angry, and threaten him again, and things would be worse. You must not quarrel with me, Ada, if I say that he has all the faults of a Yankee."

"And the virtues too, Sir, while you have all the faults of a Southern ——. But, Tom, as you are going from us, I will not scold you. I have, too, a word of business to say to you."

"And what's the word of business, dear?" said Tom, getting nearer to her, as a lover should do, and taking her hand in his.

"It is this. You and those who think like you are dividing yourselves from your country. As to whether that be right or wrong I will say nothing now, nor will I say any thing as to your chance of success. But I am told that those who go with the South will not be able to hold property in the North."

"Did Frank tell you that?"

"Never mind who told me, Tom."

"And is that to make a difference between you and me?"

"That is just the question that I am asking you. Only you ask me with a reproach in your tone, and I ask you with none in mine. Till we have mutually agreed to break our engagement you shall be my adviser. If you think it better that it should be broken—better for your own interests—be man enough to say so."

But Tom Reckenthorpe either did not think so, or else he was not man enough to speak his thoughts. Instead of doing so he took the girl in his arms and kissed her, and swore that whether with fortune or no fortune she should be his, and his only. But still he had to go—to go now, within an hour or two of the very moment at which they were speaking. They must part, and before parting must make some mutual promise as to their future meeting. Marriage now, as things stood at this Christmas time, could not be thought of even by Tom Reckenthorpe. At last he promised that if he were then alive he would be with her again, at the old family house at Frankfort, on the next coming Christmas-day. So he went, and as he let himself out of the old house Ada, with her eyes full of tears, took herself up to her bedroom.

During the year that followed—the year 1861—the war progressed only as a school for fighting. The most memorable action was that of Bull Run, in which both sides ran away, not from individual cowardice in either set of men, but from that feeling of panic which is engendered by ignorance and inexperience. After that the year was passed in drilling and in camp-making—in the making of soldiers, of gunpowder, and of cannons. But of all the articles of war made in that year the article that seemed easiest of fabrication was a general officer. Generals were made with the greatest rapidity, owing their promotion much more frequently to local interest than to military success.

Before the end of 1861 both Major Reckenthorpe's sons had become general officers. That Frank, the soldier, should have been so promoted was, at such a period as this, nothing strange. Though a young man, he had been a soldier, or learning the trade of a soldier, for more than ten years, and such service as that might well be counted for much in the sudden construction of an army intended to number seven hundred thousand troops, and which at one time did contain all those soldiers. Frank, too, was a clever fellow, who knew his business, and there were many generals made in those days who understood less of their work than he did. As much could not be said for Tom's quick military advancement. But this could be said for them in the South—that unless they did make their generals in this way, they would hardly have any generals at all; and General Reckenthorpe, as he so quickly became—General Tom, as they used to call him in Kentucky—recommended himself specially to the Confederate leaders by the warmth and eagerness with which he had come among them. The name of the old man so well known throughout the Union, who had ever loved the South without hating the North, would have been a tower of strength to them. Having him, they would have thought that they might have carried the State of Kentucky into open secession. He was now worn out and old, and could not be expected to take upon his shoulders the crushing burden of a new contest. But his eldest son had come among them, eagerly, with his whole heart; and so they made him a general.

The poor old man was in part proud of this and in part grieved. "I have a son a general in each army," he said to a stranger who came to his house in those days; "but what strength is there in a fagot when it is separated? of what use is a house that is divided against itself? The boys would kill each other if they met."

"It is very sad," said the stranger.

"Sad!" said the old man. "It is as though the Devil were let loose upon the earth; and so he is; so he is."

The family came to understand that General Tom was with the Confederate army which was confronting the Federal army of the Potomac and defending Richmond; nevertheless, he kept his engagement with Ada, and made his way into the gardens of his father's house on the night of Christmas-eve. And Ada was the first who knew that he was there. Her ear first caught the sound of his footsteps, and her hand raised for him the latch of the garden-door.

"Oh, Tom, it is not you?"

"But it is though, Ada, my darling!" Then there was a little pause in his speech. "Did I not tell you that I should see you to-day?"

"Hush. Do you know who is here? Your brother came across to us from the Green River yesterday."

"The mischief he did. Then I shall never find my way back again. If you knew what I have gone through for this!"

Ada immediately stepped out through the door and on to the snow, standing close up against him as she whispered to him, "I don't think Frank would betray you," she said. "I don't think he would."

"I doubt him—doubt him hugely. But I suppose I must trust him. I got through the pickets close to Cumberland Gap, and I left my horse at Stoneley's, half-way between this and Lexington. I can not go back to-night now that I have come so far!"

"Wait, Tom; wait a minute, and I will go in and tell your mother. But you must be hungry. Shall I bring you food?"

"Hungry enough, but I will not eat my father's victuals out here in the snow."

"Wait a moment, dearest, till I speak to my aunt." Then Ada slipped back into the house and soon managed to get Mrs. Reckenthorpe away from the room in which the Major and his second son were sitting. "Tom is here," she said, "in the garden. He has encountered all this danger to pay us a visit because it is Christmas. Oh, aunt, what are we to do? He says that Frank would certainly give him up!"

Mrs. Reckenthorpe was nearly twenty years younger than her husband, but even with this advantage on her side Ada's tidings were almost too much for her. She, however, at last managed to consult the Major, and he resolved upon appealing to the generosity of his younger son. By this time the Confederate General was warming himself in the kitchen, having declared that his brother might do as he pleased; he would not skulk away from his father's house in the night.

"Frank," said the father, as his younger son sat silently thinking of what had been told him, "it can not be your duty to be false to your father in his own house."

"It is not always easy, Sir, for a man to see what is his duty. I wish that either he or I had not come here."

"But he is here; and you, his brother, would not take advantage of his coming to his father's house?" said the old man.

"Do you remember, Sir, how he told me last year that if ever he met me on the field he would shoot me like a dog?"

"But, Frank, you know that he is the last man in the world to carry out such a threat. Now he has come here with great danger."

"And I have come with none; but I do not see that that makes any difference."

"He has put up with it all that he may see the girl he loves."

"Pshaw!" said Frank, rising up from his chair. "When a man has work to do, he is a fool to give way to play. The girl he loves! Does he not know that it is impossible that she should ever marry him? Father, I ought to insist that he should leave this house as a prisoner. I know that that would be my duty."

"You would have, Sir, to bear my curse."

"I should not the less have done my duty. But, father, independently of your threat, I will neglect that duty. I can not bring myself to break your heart and my mother's. But I will not see him. Good-by, Sir. I will go up to the hotel, and will leave the place before daybreak to-morrow."

After some few further words Frank Reckenthorpe left the house without encountering his brother. He also had not seen Ada Forster since that former Christmas when they had all been together, and he had now left his camp and come across from the army much more with the view of inducing her to acknowledge the hopelessness of her engagement with his brother than from any domestic idea of passing his Christmas at home. He was a man who would not have interfered with his brother's prospects, as regarded either love or money, if he had thought that in doing so he would in truth have injured his brother. He was a hard man, but one not willfully unjust. He had satisfied him-

self that a marriage between Ada and his brother must, if it were practicable, be ruinous to both of them. If this were so, would not it be better for all parties that there should be another arrangement made? North and South were as far divided now as the two poles. All Ada's hopes and feelings were with the North. Could he allow her to be taken as a bride among perishing slaves and ruined whites?

But when the moment for his sudden departure came he knew that it would be better that he should go without seeing her. His brother Tom had made his way to her through cold, and wet, and hunger, and through infinite perils of a kind sterner even than these. Her heart now would be full of softness toward him. So Frank Reckenthorpe left the house without seeing any one but his mother.

Of course General Tom was a hero in the house for the few days that he remained there, and of course the step he had taken was the very one to strengthen for him the affection of the girl whom he had come to see.

Ada Forster and her aunt were passionately Northern, while the feelings of the old man had gradually turned themselves to that division in the nation to which he naturally belonged. For months past the matter on which they were all thinking—the subject which filled their minds morning, noon, and night—was banished from their lips because it could not be discussed without the bitterness of hostility. But, nevertheless, there was no word of bitterness between Tom Reckenthorpe and Ada Forster. While these few short days lasted it was all love. Where is the woman whom one touch of romance will not soften, though she be ever so impervious to argument? Tom could sit up stairs with his mother and his betrothed, and tell them stories of the gallantry of the South, of the sacrifices women were making, and of the deeds men were doing, and they would listen and smile and caress his hand, and all for a while would be pleasant; while the old Major did not dare to speak before them of his Southern hopes. But down in the parlor, during the two or three long nights which General Tom passed in Frankfort, open secession was discussed between the two men. The old man now had given away altogether. The Yankees, he said, were too bitter for him. "I wish I had died first; that is all," he said. "I wish I had died first. Life is wretched now to a man who can do nothing." His son tried to comfort him, saying that secession would certainly be accomplished in twelve months, and that every Slave State would certainly be included in the Southern Confederacy. But the Major shook his head. "Nothing good can come in my time," he said; "not in my time—not in my time."

In the middle of the fourth night General Tom took his departure. An old slave arrived with his horse a little before midnight, and he started on his journey. "Whatever turns up, Ada," he said, "you will be true to me."

"I will; though you are a rebel, all the same for that."

"So was Washington."

"Washington made a nation; you are destroying one."

"We are making another, dear; that's all. But I won't talk secesh to you out here in the cold. Go in, and be good to my father; and remember this, Ada, I'll be here again next Christmas-eve, if I'm alive."

So he went, and made his journey back to his own camp in safety. He slept at a friend's house during the following day, and on the next night again made his way through the Northern lines back into Virginia.

After that came a year of fighting, and General Tom Reckenthorpe remained during that time in Virginia, and was attached to that corps of General Lee's army which was commanded by Stonewall Jackson. It was not probable, therefore, that he would be left without active employment. During the whole year he was fighting, assisting in the wonderful raids that were made by that man whose loss was worse to the Confederates than the loss of Vicksburg or of New Orleans. And General Tom gained for himself mark, name, and glory—but it was the glory of a soldier rather than of a general. No one looked upon him as the future commander of an army; but men said that if there was a rapid stroke to be stricken, under orders from some more thoughtful head, General Tom was the hand to strike it. Thus he went on making wonderful rides by night, appearing like a warrior ghost leading warrior ghosts in some quiet valley of the Federals, seizing supplies and cutting off cattle, till his name came to be great in the State of Kentucky, and Ada Forster, Yankee though she was, was proud of her rebel lover.

And Frank Reckenthorpe, the other general, made progress also, though it was progress of a different kind. Men did not talk of him so much as they did of Tom; but the War Office at Washington knew that he was useful—and used him. He remained for a long time attached to the Western army, having been removed from Kentucky to St. Louis, in Missouri, and was there when his brother last heard of him. "I am fighting day and night," he once said to one who was with him from his own State, "and, as far as I can learn, Frank is writing day and night. Upon my word, I think that I have the best of it."

It was but a couple of days after this, the time then being about the latter end of September, that he found himself on horseback at the head of three regiments of cavalry near the foot of one of those valleys which lead up into the Blue Mountain ridge of Virginia. He was about six miles in advance of Jackson's army, and had pushed forward with the view of intercepting certain Federal supplies which he and others had hoped might be within his reach. He had expected that there would be fighting, but he had hardly expected so much fighting as came that day in his way. He got no supplies. Indeed, he got nothing but blows, and though on that day the Confederates would not admit that they had been worsted, neither could they claim to have done more than hold their own. But General Tom's fighting was in that day brought to an end.

It must be understood that there was no great battle fought on this occasion. General Reckenthorpe, with about 1500 troopers, had found himself suddenly compelled to attack about double that number of Federal infantry. He did so once, and then a second time, but on each occasion without breaking the lines to which he was opposed; and toward the close of the day he found himself unhorsed, but still unwounded, with no weapon in his hand but his pistol, immediately surrounded by about a dozen of his own men, but so far in advance of the body of his troops as to make it almost impossible that he should find his way back to them. As the smoke cleared away and he could look about him, he saw that he was close to an uneven, irregular line of Federal soldiers. But there was still a chance, and he had turned for a rush, with his pistol ready for use in his hand, when he found himself confronted by a Federal officer. The pistol was already raised, and his finger was on the trigger, when he saw that the man before him was his brother.

"Your time has come," said Frank, standing his ground very calmly. He was quite unarmed, and had been separated from his men and ridden over; but hitherto he had not been hurt.

"Frank!" said Tom, dropping his pistol-arm, "is that you?"

"And you are not going to do it, then?" said Frank.

"Do what?" said Tom, whose calmness was altogether gone. But he had forgotten that threat as soon as it had been uttered, and did not even know to what his brother was alluding.

But Tom Reckenthorpe, in his confusion at meeting his brother, had lost whatever chance there remained to him of escaping. He stood for a moment or two looking at Frank, and wondering at the coincidence which had brought them together, before he turned to run. Then it was too late. In the hurry and scurry of the affair all but two of his own men had left him, and he saw that a rush of Federal soldiers was coming up around him. Nevertheless he resolved to start for a run. "Give me a chance, Frank," he said, and prepared to run. But as he went—or rather, before he had left the ground on which he was standing before his brother—a shot struck him, and he was disabled. In a minute he was as though he were stunned; then he smiled faintly, and slowly sunk upon the ground. "It's all up, Frank," he said, "and you are in at the death."

Frank Reckenthorpe was soon kneeling beside his brother amidst a crowd of his own men. "Spurrell," he said, to a young officer who was close to him, "it is my own brother." "What! General Tom?" said Spurrell. "Not dangerously, I hope?"

By this time the wounded man had been able, as it were, to feel himself and to ascertain the amount of the damage done him. "It's my right leg," he said; "just on the knee. If you'll believe me, Frank, I thought it was my heart at first. I don't think much of the wound, but I suppose you won't let me go."

Of course they wouldn't let him go, and, indeed, if they had been minded so to do, he could not have gone. The wound was not fatal, as he had at first thought; but neither was it a matter of little consequence as he afterward asserted. His fighting was over, unless he could fight with a leg amputated between the knee and hip.

Before nightfall General Tom found himself in his brother's quarters, a prisoner on parole, with his leg all but condemned by the surgeon. The third day after that saw the leg amputated. For three weeks the two brothers remained together, and after that the elder was taken to Alexandria as a prisoner, there to wait his chance of exchange. At first the intercourse between the two brothers was cold, guarded, and uncomfortable; but after a while it became more kindly than it had been for many a day. Whether it were cold or kindly, its nature, we may be sure, was such as the younger brother made it. Tom was ready enough to forget all personal animosity as soon as his brother would himself be willing to do so; though he was willing enough also to quarrel—to quarrel bitterly as ever—if Frank should give him occasion. As to that threat of the pistol, it had passed away from Tom Reckenthorpe, as all his angry words passed from him. It was clean forgotten. It was not simply that he had not wished to kill his brother, but that such a deed was impossible to him. The threat had been like a curse that means nothing, which is used by passion as its readiest weapon when passion is impotent. But with Frank Reckenthorpe words meant what they were intended to mean. The threat had rankled in his bosom from the time of its utterance to that moment, when a strange coincidence had given the threatener the power of executing it. The remembrance of it was then strong upon him, and he had expected that his brother would have been as bad as his word. But his brother had spared him; and now, slowly, by degrees, he began to remember that also.

"What are your plans, Tom?" he said, as he sat one day by his brother's bed before the removal of the prisoner to Alexandria.

"Plans," said Tom. "How should a poor fellow like me have plans? To eat bread and water in prison at Alexandria, I suppose."

"They'll let you up to Washington on your parole, I should think. Of course I can say a word for you."

"Well, then, do say it. I'd have done as much for you, though I don't like your Yankee politics."

"Never mind my politics now, Tom."

"I never did mind them. But at any rate, you see I can't run away."

It should have been mentioned a little way back in this story that the poor old Major had been gathered to his fathers during the past year. As he had said himself, it would be better for him that he should die. He had lived to see the glory of his country, and had gloried in it. If further glory or even further gain were to come out of this terrible war—as great gains to men and nations do come from contests which are very terrible while they last—he at least would not live to see it. So when he was left by his sons, he turned his face to the wall and died.

"I suppose you will get home?" said Frank, after musing a while, "and look after my mother and Ada?"

"If I can I shall, of course. What else can I do with one leg?"

"Nothing in this war, Tom, of course." Then there was another pause between them. "And what will Ada do?" said Frank.

"What will Ada do? Stay at home with my mother."

"Ah, yes. But she will not remain always as Ada Forster."

"Do you mean to ask whether I shall marry her; because of my one leg? If she will have me, I certainly shall."

"And will she? Ought you to ask her?"

"If I found her seamed all over with small-pox, with her limbs broken, blind, disfigured by any misfortune which could have visited her, I would take her as my wife all the same. If she were penniless it would make no difference. She shall judge for herself; but I shall expect her to act by me as I would have acted by her." Then there was another pause. "Look here, Frank," continued General Tom; "if you mean that I am to give her up as a reward to you for being sent home, I will have nothing to do with the bargain."

"I had intended no such bargain," said Frank, gloomily.

"Very well; then you can do as you please. If Ada will take me, I shall marry her as soon as she will let me. If my being sent home depends upon that, you will know how to act now."

Nevertheless he was sent home. There was not another word spoken between the two brothers about Ada Forster. Whether Frank thought that he might still have a chance through want of firmness on the part of the girl; or whether he considered that in keeping his brother away from home he could, at least, do himself no good; or whether, again, he resolved that he would act by his brother as a brother should act, without reference to Ada Forster, I will not attempt to say. For a day or two after the above conversation he was somewhat sullen, and did not talk freely with his brother. After that he brightened up once more, and before long the two parted on friendly terms. General Frank remained with his command, and General Tom was sent to the hospital at Alexandria, or to such hospitalities as he might be able to enjoy at Washington in his mutilated state, till that affair of his exchange had been arranged.

In spite of his brother's influence at head-quarters this could not be done in a day; nor could permission be obtained for him to go home to Kentucky till such exchange had been effected. In this way he was kept in terrible suspense for something over two months, and mid-winter was upon him before the joyful news arrived that he was free to go where he liked.

Disturbed as was the state of the country, nevertheless railways ran from Washington to Baltimore, from Baltimore to Pittsburg, from Pittsburg to Cincinnati, and from Cincinnati to Frankfort. So that General Tom's journey home, though with but one leg, was made much faster, and with less difficulty, than that last journey by which he reached the old family house. And again he presented himself on Christmas-eve. Ada declared that he remained purposely at Washington, so that he might make good his last promise to the letter; but I am inclined to think that he allowed no such romantic idea as that to detain him among the amenities of Washington.

He arrived again after dark, but on this occasion did not come knocking at the back door. He had fought his fight, had done his share of the battle, and now had reason to be afraid of no one. But again it was Ada who opened the door for him. "Oh, Tom! oh, my own one!" There never was a word of question between them as to whether that unseemly crutch and still unhealed wound was to make any difference between them. General Tom found before three hours were over that he lacked the courage to suggest that he might not be acceptable to her as a lover with one leg. There are times in which girls throw off all their coyness, and are as bold in their loves as men. Such a time was this with Ada Forster. In the course of another month the elder General simply sent word to the younger that they intended to be married in May, if the war did not prevent them; and the younger General simply sent back word that his duties at Head-quarters would prevent his being present at the ceremony.

And they were married in May, though the din of war was going on around them on every side. And from that time to this the din of war is still going on, and they are in the thick of it.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

OUR correspondent with this army furnishes us with a series of illustrations of the recent operations of the Army of the Potomac, which we reproduce on pages 12 and 13. They require only a few words of explanation. The centre illustration on page 12 shows the rebel earth-works at Germania Ford, which were abandoned on the approach of Meade. The illustration at the bottom of page 12 shows Warren's troops attacking and carrying Robertson's Tavern, an old Virginia hostelry. The illustration at the top of page 12 shows the rebel line in front of Sedgwick at Mine Run. The illustrations on page 13 show the positions on Mine Run. At the top is the centre of both armies, Arnold's battery on the left; in the centre is Roe's Farm, with the Pennsylvania batteries F and G in the fore-ground; Clark Mountain in the distance at the right; this being the strong point in the enemy's position. The bottom cut on page 13 shows the cutting on the railroad opposite Warren's last position on our extreme left. The centre cut on page 13 shows the passage at Germania Ford on our return from this expedition. The remnants of the bridge on the plank road appear in the sketch.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

POPPING THE QUESTION.—One evenin', as I was a sittin' by Hetty, and had worked myself up to the sticking p[illegible] sez I, "Hetty, if a feller was to ask you to marry [illegible] what wud you say?" Then she laughed, and sez [illegible] "That would depend on who asked me." Then sez [illegible] "Suppose it was Ned Willis?" Sez she, "I'd tell Ned Willis, but not you." That kinder staggered me; but I was too cute to lose the opportunity, and so sez I agen, "Suppose it was me?" And then you orter see her pout up her lip, and sez she, "I don't take no supposes." Well now, you see there was nothin' for me to do but touch the gun off. So bang it went. Sez I, "Lor, Hetty, it's me. Won't you say yes?" And then there was such a hullaballoo in my head, I don't know 'xactly what tuk place, but I thought I heerd a yes whisperin' somewhere out of the skirmish.

An old Scotch parson, who was not only a preacher but a parson, and who on week days returned the visits which his people made to him at the kirk on Sundays, once came to the house of a parishioner, where his gentle knocking could not be heard for the noise within. Upon this he lifted the latch and walked in, saying, in a majestical way, "I should like to know who is the head of this house?" "Weel, Sir," said Sandie, "if ye bide a wee we'll maybe be able to tell ye, for Janet and I are just trying to settle that point."

Foote, sitting at table next to a gentleman who had helped himself to a very large piece of bread, took it up, intending to cut a slice from it. "Sir," said the gentleman, "that is my bread." "I beg a thousand pardons, Sir," replied Foote; "I protest I took it for the loaf."

WE THINK THEY MAY.—May not "sweet children" of Hebrew parentage be appropriately called little *Jew*-jubes?

SWEET BREAD.—Loaf sugar.

A young Cambridge student once contended with Johnson, whom he met at Boswell's, that prosaic poetry and poetical prose must be equally good. "No, Sir," replied the Doctor; "a man may like brandy in his tea, though not tea in his brandy." The student was asked afterward what he thought of Dr. Johnson. "I think," said he, "that he is the great bear of conversation—his diction is all contradiction."

Oh!—May a large fee given to a physician be looked upon as a medical *haul*?

One of the fair daughters of Northampton was recently singing a fashionable air at a high pitch of voice, when an Irishman, who was passing by, rushed in with a look of astonishment, and exclaimed, "Sure, and I thought some one was being murthered!"

A TOUGH QUESTION AND A LUCID ANSWER.

Question. If your mother's mother was my mother's sister's aunt, what relation would your great-grandfather's uncle's nephew be to my older brother's first cousin's son-in-law?

Answer. As your mother's mother is to my elder brother's first cousin's son-in-law, so is my mother's sister's aunt to your great-grandfather's uncle's nephew. Divide your mother's mother by my elder brother's first cousin's son-in-law, and multiply my mother's sister's aunt by your great-grandfather's uncle's nephew, and either add or substract—we forget which—and you will have the answer—"in the spring."

The *Baptist Chronicle* says: At an examination of girls for the rite of confirmation, in the Episcopal Church, in answer to the question, "What is the outward and visible sign and form in baptism?" the reply of a bright little theologian was, "The baby, Sir!"

"WOULD ANY GENTLEMAN *oblige* A LADY?"—Certainly not; he would endeavor to *persuade* her.

A GHOST WE SHOULD LIKE EXCESSIVELY TO SEE.—The Ghost of Crinoline.

Kansas City is a gay place, and they have queer specimens of humanity down there. If you don't believe it, read the following from the *Journal*, about a woman of doubtful loyalty, who was recently before the Provost Marshal: "She gave as an evidence of her loyalty that her husband had been killed in the One Hundred and Sixth Illinois Regiment. 'When did your husband go to Illinois?' 'About three years ago.' 'That was before the war, was it not?' 'Yes.' 'Why did you not go with him?' 'Well, I didn't like to go off so far with a man I wasn't much acquainted with.' 'You don't mean to say that your husband was so much of a stranger that you did not like to go with him?' 'Yes, I do. I had only been married to him about a year, and I wasn't going to leave my folks and go off to Illinois with a man I didn't know more about.'" What could he do but discharge her?

A thief having stolen a cup from a tavern was pursued and a great mob was raised around him. A bystander was asked what was the matter. "Nothing," was the reply; "only a poor fellow has taken a cup too much."

A ONE-DROUS PUZZLE.—Why is Big Ben an hour after noon like a startling fact?—Because it strikes one.

A *Purr*-VERSE CREATURE.—A stubborn cat.

The principal of a public school has been sending circulars to the parents, asking for a written authority to "inflict such punishment, corporal or otherwise," as may in his judgment be proper. The following answer proves that one of the parents, at least, was pleased with the idea: "Dear Sir,—Your flogging cirklar is duly receaved. I hopes, as to my sun John, you will flog him jus so often as you like. Hees a bad boy is John. Although I've been in the habit of teaching him miself, it seems to me he will never larn anithink—his spellin is speshally ottragusly deficient. Wallup him well, Sur, and you will receave my hearty thanks.—Yours, Moses Walker.—P.S. Wat accounts for John being sich a bad scoller is that he's my sun by my wife's first husband."

People often make use of the expression, "where last year's snow is." After mature consideration we have come to the conclusion that its *now*here!

A SEEMING CONTRADICTION.—A suitable name for a man of no energy and fickle mind would be *Mr. Percy Veer—Mr. Persevere.*

The *Christian Advocate* says: Meeting with a sick man the other day, we asked him what was the matter. "I've got the *miasma.*" "Ah, indeed! And what are you taking for it?" "Oh, nothing but Cherry's *Pictorial.*"—The man had the asthma and was using Cherry Pectoral; but Mrs. Partington herself could not have hit upon happier words to tell the disease and the remedy.

A gentleman who took the occasion on Sabbath last to doctor some cider, so as to keep it sweet, was taken to task by his good wife for laboring on the Sabbath. His reply was that no good Christian ought to find fault with his work on that day, as he had been doing his best to prevent his cider from *working.*

When Lord Lauderdale laughed at one of Sheridan's jests, and promised to repeat it, Sheridan begged him to refrain from doing so; "for," said he, "a joke in your mouth is no laughing matter."

Dr. Johnson was in company with a very loquacious lady, of whom he took but very little notice, and in pique she said to him, "Why, Doctor, I believe you are not very fond of the company of ladies." "You are mistaken, Madam," he replied; "I like their delicacy, I like their vivacity, and I like their silence."

NEW
NORTH

DAY
SOUTH
Th. Nast

VERY HARD CASH.

By CHARLES READE, Esq.

AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," ETC.

CHAPTER LVI.

Sergeant Saunders thought it prudent to let the emotion subside before opening the defendant's case: so he disarranged his papers, and then rearranged them as before: and, during this, a person employed by Richard Hardie went out and told him this last untoward piece of evidence. He winced: but all was overbalanced by this, that Skinner's evidence was now inadmissible in the cause. He breathed more freely.

Sergeant Saunders rose with perfect dignity and confidence, and delivered a masterly address. In less than ten minutes the whole affair took another color under that plausible tongue. The tactician began by declaring that the plaintiff was perfectly sane, and his convalescence was a matter of such joy to the defendant, that not even the cruel misinterpretation of facts and motives, to which his amiable client had been exposed, could rob him of that sacred delight. "Our case, gentlemen, is, that the plaintiff is sane, and that he owes his sanity to those prompt, wise, and benevolent measures, which *we* took eighteen months ago, at an unhappy crisis of his mind, to preserve his understanding and his property. Yes, his property, gentlemen; that property which, in a paroxysm of mania, he was going to throw away, as I shall show you by an unanswerable document. He comes here to slander us and mulct us out of five thousand pounds; but I shall show you he is already ten thousand pounds the richer for that act of ours, for which he debits us five thousand pounds, instead of crediting us twice the sum. Gentlemen, I can not, like my learned friend, call witnesses from the clouds, from the United States, and from the grave, because it has not occurred to my client, strong in the sense of his kindly and honorable intentions, to engage gentlemen from foreign parts with woolly locks, and nasal twangs, to drop in accidentally, and eke out the fatal gaps in evidence. The class of testimony we stand upon is less romantic: it does not seduce the imagination nor play upon the passions; but it is of a much higher character in sober men's eyes, especially in a court of law. I rely, not on witnesses dropped from the clouds, and the stars, and the stripes—to order, nor even on the prejudiced statements of friends and sweet-hearts, who always swear from the heart rather than from the head and the conscience; but on the calm testimony of indifferent men, and on written documents furnished by the plaintiff, and on contemporaneous entries in the books of the asylum, which entries formally describe the plaintiff's acts, and were put down at the time—at the time, gentlemen—with no idea of a trial at law to come, but in compliance with the very proper provisions of a wise and salutary Act. I shall also lay before you the evidence of the medical witnesses who signed the certificates, men of probity and honor, and who have made these subtle maladies of the mind the special study of their whole life. I shall also call the family doctor, who has known the plaintiff and his ailments, bodily and mental, for many years, and communicated his suspicions to one of the first psychological physicians of the age, declining, with a modesty which we, who know less of insanity than he does, would do well to imitate—declining, I say, to pronounce a positive opinion unfavorable to the plaintiff, till he should have compared notes with this learned man, and profited by his vast experience."

In this strain he continued for a good hour, until the defendant's case seemed to be a thing of granite. His oration ended, he called a string of witnesses: every one of whom bore the learned counsel out by his evidence in chief.

But here came the grand distinction between the defendant's case and the plaintiff's. Cross-examination had hardly shaken the plaintiff's witnesses: it literally dissolved the defendant's. Osmond was called, and proved Alfred's headaches and pallor, and his own suspicions. But then Colt forced him to admit that many young people had headaches without going mad, and were pale when thwarted in love, without going mad: and that as to the £14,000 and the phantom he *knew* nothing, but had taken all that for granted on Mr. Richard Hardie's word.

Dr. Wycherley deposed to Alfred's being insane and abnormally irritable, and under a pecuniary illusion, as stated in his certificate: and to his own vast experience. But the fire of cross-examination melted all his polysyllables into guess-work and hearsay. It melted out of him that he, a stranger, had intruded on the young man's privacy, and had burst into a most delicate topic, his disagreement with his father, and so had himself created the very irritation he had set down to madness. He also had to admit that he knew nothing about the £14,000 or the phantom, but had taken for granted the young man's own father, who consulted him, was not telling him a deliberate and wicked falsehood.

Colt.—In short, Sir, you were retained to make the man out insane, just as my learned friend there is retained.

Wycherley.—I think, Sir, it would not be consistent with the dignity of my profession to notice that comparison.

Colt.—I leave defendant's counsel to thank you for that. Come, never mind *dignity;* let us have a little *truth*. Is it consistent with your dignity to tell us whether the keepers of private asylums pay you a commission for all the patients you consign to durance vile by your certificates?

Dr. Wycherley fenced with this question, but the remorseless Colt only kept him longer under torture, and dragged out of him that he received fifteen per cent. from the asylum keepers for every patient he wrote insane; and that he had an income of eight hundred pounds a year from that source alone. This, of course, was the very thing to prejudice a jury against the defense: and Colt's art was to keep to their level.

Speers, cross-examined, failed to conceal that he was a mere tool of Wycherley's, and had signed in manifest collusion, adhering to the letter of the statute, but violating its spirit: for certainly, the act never intended by "separate examination," that two doctors should come into the passage, and walk into the room alternately, then reunite, and do the signing as agreed before they ever saw the patient. As to the illusion about the fourteen thousand pounds, Speers owned that the plaintiff had not uttered a word about the subject, but had peremptorily declined it. He had to confess, too, that he had taken for granted Dr. Wycherley was correctly informed about the said illusion.

"In short," said the judge, interposing, "Dr. Wycherley took the very thing for granted which it was his duty to ascertain: and you, Sir, not to be behind Dr. Wycherley, took the thing for granted at second-hand." And when Speers had left the box, he said to Sergeant Saunders, "If this case is to be defended seriously, you had better call Mr. Richard Hardie without further delay."

"It is my wish, my lud; but I am sorry to say he is in the country very ill; and I have no hope of seeing him here to-morrow."

"Oh, well; so that you *do* call him. I shall not lay hearsay before the jury: hearsay gathered from Mr. Richard Hardie—whom you will call in person if the reports he has circulated have any basis whatever in truth."

Mr. Saunders said, coolly, "Mr. Richard Hardie is not the defendant," and flowed on; nor would any but a lawyer have suspected what a terrible stab the judge had given him so quietly.

The surgeon of Silverton House was then sworn, and produced the case book; and there stood the entries which had been so fatal to Alfred with the visiting justices. Suicide, homicide, self-starvation. But the plaintiff got to Mr. Colt with a piece of paper, on which he had written his view of all this, and cross-examination dissolved the suicide and homicide into a spirited attempt to escape and resist a false imprisonment. As for the self-starvation, Colt elicited that Alfred had eaten at six o'clock though not at two. "And pray, Sir," said he, contemptuously, to the witness, "do you never stir out of a mad-house? Do you imagine that gentlemen in their senses dine at two o'clock in the nineteenth century?"

"No. I don't say that."

"What *do* you say, then? Is forcible imprisonment of a bridegroom in a mad-house the thing to give a *gentleman* a *factitious* appetite at *your* barbarous dinner-hour?"

In a word, Colt was rough with this witness, and nearly smashed him. Saunders fought gallantly on, and put in Lawyer Crawford with his draft of the insane deed, as he called it, by which the erotic monomaniac Alfred divested himself of all his money in favor of the Dodds. There was no dissolving this deed away; and Crawford swore he had entreated the plaintiff not to insist on his drawing so unheard-of a document; but opposition or question seemed to irritate his client so that he had complied, and the deed was to have been signed on the wedding-day.

All the lawyers present thought this looked really mad. Fancy a man signing away his property to his wife's relatives! The court, which had already sat long beyond the usual time, broke up, leaving the defendant with this advantage. Alfred Hardie and his friends made a little knot in the hall outside, and talked excitedly over the incidents of the trial. Mr. Compton introduced Fullalove and Vespasian. They all shook hands with this, and thanked them warmly for the timely and most unexpected aid. But Green and a myrmidon broke in upon their conversation.

"I am down on Mr. Barkington, alias Noah Skinner. It isn't very far from here, if you will follow me." Green was as excited as a fox-hound when Pug has begun to trail his brush; the more so that another client of his wanted Noah Skinner; and so the detective was doing a double stroke of business. He led the way; it was dry, and they all went in pairs after him into the back slums of Westminster: and a pretty part that is.

Now as they went along Alfred hung behind with Julia, and asked her what on earth she meant by swearing that it was all over between her and him. "Why, your last letter was full of love, dearest; what could you be thinking of to say that?"

She shook her head sadly, and revealed to him, with many prayers for forgiveness, that she had been playing a part of late: that she had concealed her father's death from him, and the fatal barrier interposed. "I was afraid you would be disheartened, and lose your first class, and perhaps your trial. But you are safe now, dear Alfred; I am sure the judge sees through them; for I have studied him for you. I know his face by heart, and all his looks and what they mean. My Alfred will be cleared of this wicked slander, and happy with some one—Ah!"

"Yes, I mean to be happy with some one," said Alfred. "I am not one of your self-sacrificing fools. You shall not sacrifice me to your mother's injustice nor to the caprices of fate. We love one another; but you would immolate me for the pleasure of immolating yourself. Don't provoke me, or I'll carry you off by force. I swear it, by Him who made us both."

"Dearest, how wildly you talk." She hung her head, and had a guilty thrill. She could not help thinking that eccentric little measure would relieve her of the sin of disobedience.

"I'll do it too," said he. "I'm not a man to be beat."

After uttering this doughty resolution he was quite silent, and they went sadly side by side; so dear, so near, yet always some infernal thing or other coming between them. They reached a passage in a miserable street. At the mouth stood two of Green's men, planted there to follow Skinner should he go out: but they reported all quiet. "Bring the old gentleman up," said Green. "I appointed him six o'clock, and it's on the stroke." He then descended the passage, and striking a light led the way up a high stair. Skinner lived on the fifth story. Green tapped at his door. "Mr. Barkington."

No reply.

"Mr. Barkington, I've brought you some money."

No reply.

"Perhaps he is not at home," said Mr. Compton.

"Oh yes, Sir, I sent a sharp boy up, and he picked the paper out of the keyhole and saw him sitting reading."

He then applied his own eye to the keyhole. "I see something black," said he, "I think he suspects."

While he hesitated, they became conscious of a pungent vapor stealing through the now open keyhole.

"Hallo!" said Green, "What is this?"

Fullalove observed coolly that Mr. Skinner's lungs must be peculiarly made if he could breathe in that atmosphere. "If you want to see him alive, let me open the door."

"There's something amiss here," said Green, gravely.

At that Fullalove whipped out a tool no bigger than a nut-cracker, forced the edge in, and sent the door flying open. The room or den was full of an acrid vapor, and close to them sat he they sought motionless.

"Keep the lady back," cried Green, and threw the vivid light of his bull's-eye on a strange, grotesque, and ghastly scene. The floor was covered with bright sovereigns that glittered in the lamp-light. On the table was an open book, and a candle quite burned down: the grease had run into a circle.

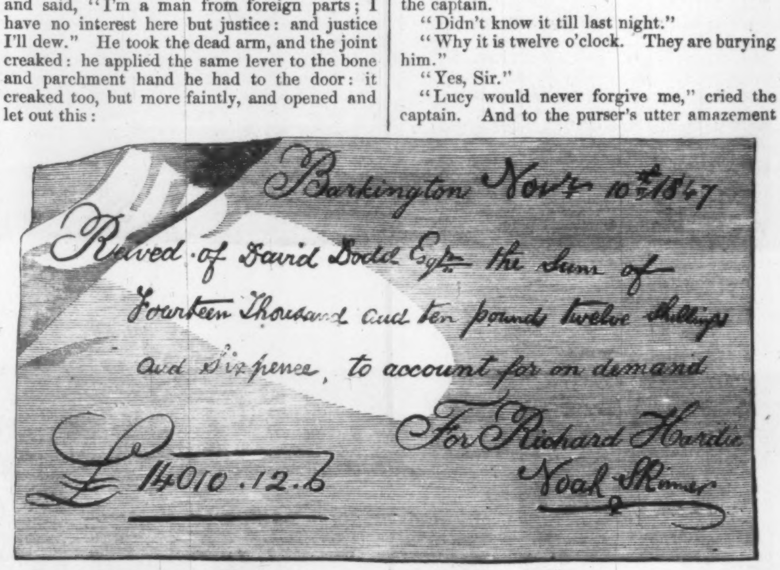
And as was that grease to the expired light, so was the thing that sat there in human form to the Noah Skinner they had come to seek. Dead this many a day of charcoal fumes, but preserved from decomposition by those very fumes, sat Noah Skinner, dried into bones and leather, waiting for them with his own Hard Cash, and with theirs: for, creeping awe-struck round that mummified figure seated dead on his pool of sovereigns, they soon noticed in his left hand a paper: it was discolored by the vapor, and part hid by the dead thumb; but thus much shone out clear and amazing, that it was a banker's receipt to David Dodd, Esq., for £14,000, drawn at Barkington, and signed for Richard Hardie by Noah Skinner. Julia had drawn back, and was hiding her face; but soon curiosity struggled with awe in the others: they peeped at the Receipt; they touched the weird figure. Its yellow skin sounded like a drum, and its joints creaked like a puppet's. At last Compton suggested that Edward Dodd ought to secure that valuable document.

"No, no," said Edward: "it is too like robbing the dead."

"Then I will," said Compton.

But he found the dead thumb and finger would not part with the receipt; then, as a trifle turns the scale, he hesitated in turn: and all but Julia stood motionless, round the body that held the Receipt, the soul of the lost Cash, and yet still, as in life, seemed loth to part with it.

Then Fullalove came beside the arm-chair, and said, "I'm a man from foreign parts; I have no interest here but justice: and justice I'll dew." He took the dead arm, and the joint creaked: he applied the same lever to the bone and parchment hand he had to the door: it creaked too, but more faintly, and opened and let out this:



A stately foot came up the stair, but no one heard it. All were absorbed in the strange weird sight, and this great stroke of fate; or of Providence.

"This is yours, I reckon," said Fullalove, and handed it to Edward.

"No, no!" said Compton. "See: I've just found a will, bequeathing all he has in the world with his blessing, to Miss Julia Dodd. These sovereigns are yours, then. But above all, the paper: as your legal adviser, I insist on your taking it immediately. Possession is nine points. However, it is actually yours, in virtue of this bequest."

A solemn, passionless voice seemed to fall on them from the clouds,

"No; it is Mine."

CHAPTER LVII.

Just before noon next day, on board the *Vulture*, the bell on which the half hours are struck was tolled slowly to collect the ship's company; and soon the gangways and booms were crowded, and even the yards were manned with sailors, collected to see their shipmate committed to the deep. Next came the lieutenants and midshipmen and stood reverently on the deck: the body was brought and placed on a grating. Then, all heads being uncovered below and aloft, the chaplain read the solemn service of the dead.

Many tears were shed by the rough sailors, the more so that to most of them, though not to the officers, it was now known that poor Billy had not always been before the mast, but had seen better days, and commanded vessels, and saved lives; and now he had lost his own.

The service is the same as ashore, with this exception: that the words "We commit his body to the ground, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," etc., are altered at sea, thus: "We commit his body to the deep, to be turned into corruption, looking for the resurrection of the body, when the sea shall give up her dead, and the life of the world to come." At these words the body is allowed to glide off the grating into the sea. The chaplain's solemn voice drew near those very words, and the tears of pity fell faster; and Georgie White, an affectionate boy, sobbed violently, and shivered beforehand at the sullen plunge that he knew would soon come, and then he should see no more poor Billy who had given his life for his.

At this moment the captain came flying on deck, and, jumping on to a gun, cried sharply, "Avast! Haul that body aboard."

The sharp voice of command cut across the solemn words and tones in the most startling way. The chaplain closed his book with a look of amazement and indignation: the sailors stared, and for the first time did not obey an order. To be sure it was one they had never heard before. Then the captain got angry, and repeated his command louder; and the body was almost jerked in board.

"Carry him to my cabin; and uncover his face."

By this time nothing could surprise Jackey Tar. Four sailors executed the order promptly.

"Bosen, pipe to duty."

While the men were dispersing to their several stations, Captain Bazalgette apologized to the chaplain, and explained to him and to the officers. But I give his explanation in my own words. Finding the ship quiet, the purser went to the captain down below, and asked him coolly what entry he should make in the ship's books about this William Thompson, who was no more William Thompson than he was. "What do you mean?" said the captain. Then the purser told him that Thompson's mess-mates, in preparing him last night for interment, had found a little bag round his neck, and inside it a medal of the Humane Society, and a slip of paper written on in a lady's hand; then they had sent for him; and he had seen at once that this was a mysterious case: this lady spoke of him as her husband, and skipper of a merchant vessel.

"What is that?" roared the captain, who hitherto had listened with scarce half an ear.

"Skipper of a merchant vessel, Sir, as sure as you command her Majesty's frigate *Vulture:* and then we found his shirt marked with the same name as the lady's."

"What was the lady's name?"

"Lucy Dodd; and David Dodd is on the shirt."

"Why didn't you tell me this before?" cried the captain.

"Didn't know it till last night."

"Why it is twelve o'clock. They are burying him."

"Yes, Sir."

"Lucy would never forgive me," cried the captain. And to the purser's utter amazement he clapped on his cocked hat, and flew out of the cabin on the errand I have described.

He now descended to the cabin and looked: a glance was enough: there lay the kindly face that had been his friend man and boy.

He hid his own with his hands, and moaned. He cursed his own blindness and stupidity in not recognizing that face among a thousand. In this he was unjust to himself. David had never looked *himself* till now.

He sent for the surgeon, and told him the whole sad story: and asked him what could be done. His poor cousin Lucy had more than once expressed her horror of interment at sea. "It is very hot," said he; "but surely you must know some way of keeping him till we land in New Zealand: curse these flies; how they bite!"

The surgeon's eyes sparkled; he happened to be an enthusiast in the art of embalming. "Keep him to New Zealand?" said he contemptuously. "I'll embalm him so that he shall go to England looking just as he does now—by-the-by, I never saw a drowned man keep his color so well before—ay, and two thousand years after that, if you don't mind the expense."

"The expense! I don't care if it cost me a year's pay. I think of nothing but repairing my blunder as far as I can."

The surgeon was delighted. Standing over his subject, who lay on the captain's table, he told that officer how he should proceed. "I have all the syringes," he said; "a capital collection. I shall inject the veins with care and patience; then I shall remove the brain and the viscera, and provided I'm not stinted in arsenic and spices—"

"I give you carte blanche on the purser: make your preparations and send for him. Don't tell me how you do it; but do it. I must write and tell poor Lucy I have got him, and am bringing him home to her—dead."

The surgeon was gone about a quarter of an hour; he then returned with two men to remove the body, and found the captain still writing his letter, very sorrowful: but now and then slapping his face or leg with a hearty curse as the flies stung him.

The surgeon beckoned the men in softly, and pointed to the body, for them to carry it out.

Now, as he pointed, his eye following his finger, fell on something that struck that experienced eye as incredible: he uttered an exclamation of astonishment so loud that the captain looked up directly from his letter; and saw him standing with his finger pointing at the corpse, and his eyes staring astonishment. "What now?" said the captain, and rose from his seat.

"Look! look! look!"

The captain came and looked, and said he saw nothing at all.

"The fly; the fly!" cried the surgeon.

"Yes, I see one of them has been biting him; for there's a little blood trickling. Poor fellow!"

"A dead man can't bleed from the small veins in his skin," said the man of art. "He is alive, captain, he is alive, as sure as we stand here, and God's above. That little insect was wiser than us; he is alive."

"Jackson, don't trifle with me, or I'll hang you at the yard-arm. God bless you, Jackson! Is it really possible? Run some of you; get a mirror; I have heard that is a test."

"Mirror be hanged. Doctor Fly knows his business."

All was now flutter and bustle; and various attempts were made to resuscitate David, but all in vain. At last the surgeon had an idea. "This man was never drowned at all," said he: "I am sure of it. This is catalepsy. He may lie this way for a week. But dead he is not. I'll try the douche." David was then by his orders stripped, and carried to a place where they could turn a water-cock on him from a height; and the surgeon had soon the happiness of pointing out to the captain a slight blush on David's skin in parts, caused by the falling water. All doubt ceased with this: the only fear was lest they should shake out the trembling life by rough usage. They laid him on his stomach, and with a bellows and pipe so acted on the lungs that at last a genuine sigh issued from the patient's breast. Then they put him in a warm bed, and applied stimulants; and by slow degrees the eyelids began to wink, the eyes to look more mellow, the respiration to strengthen, the heart to beat: "Patience, now," said the surgeon, "patience, and lots of air."

Patience was rewarded. Just four hours after the first treatment, a voice, faint but calm and genial, issued from the bed on their astonished ears, "Good-morning to you all."

They kept very quiet. In about five minutes more the voice broke out again, calm and sonorous.

"WHERE IS MY MONEY? MY FOURTEEN THOUSAND POUNDS."

These words set them all looking at one another; and very much puzzled the surgeon: they were delivered with such sobriety and conviction. "Captain," he whispered, "ask him if he knows you."

"David," said the captain, kindly, "do you know me?"

David looked at him earnestly, and his old kindly smile broke out, "Know ye, ye dog," said he, "why you are my cousin Reginald. And how came you into this thundering Bank? I hope you have got no money here. Ware land sharks!"

"We are not in a Bank, David; we are on board my ship."

"The deuce we are. But where's my money?"

"Oh, we'll talk about that by-and-by."

The surgeon stepped forward and said, soothingly, "You have been very ill, Sir. You have had a fit."

"I believe you are right," said David, thoughtfully.

"Will you allow me to examine your eye?"

"Certainly, doctor."

The surgeon examined David's eye with his thumb and finger; and then looked into it to see how the pupil dilated and contracted.

He rubbed his hands after this examination; "More good news, captain!" then lowering his voice, "*Your friend is as sane as I am.*"

The surgeon was right. A shock had brought back the reason a shock had taken away. But how or why I know no more than the child unborn. The surgeon wrote a learned paper, and explained the whole most ingeniously. I don't believe one word of this explanation, and can't better it, so confine myself to the phenomena. Being now sane, the boundary wall of his memory was shifted. He remembered his whole life up to his demanding his cash back of Richard Hardie: and there his reawakened mind stopped dead short. Being asked if he knew William Thompson, he said, "Yes, perfectly. The man was a foretopman on board the *Agra*, and rather a smart hand. The ship being aground, he came on to sea on a piano: but we cut the hawser and he got safe ashore." His recovered reason rejected with contempt as an idle dream all that had happened while that reason was in defect. The last phenomena I have to record were bodily; one was noted by Mr. Georgie White in these terms: "Billy's eyes used to be like a seal's: but now he is a great gentleman they are like yours and mine." The other was more singular: with his recovered reason came his first gray hair, and in one fortnight it was all as white as snow."

He remained a fortnight on board the *Vulture*, beloved by high and low. He walked the quarter-deck in the dress of a private gentleman, but looking like an admiral. The sailors touched their hats to him with a strange mixture of veneration and jocoseness. They called him among themselves Commodore Billy. He was supplied with funds by Reginald, and put on board a merchant-ship bound for England. He landed, and went straight to Barkington. There he heard his family were in London. He came back to London, and sought them; a friend told him of Green; he went to him, and of course Green saw directly who he was. But able men don't cut business short; he gravely accepted David's commission to find him Mrs. Dodd. Finding him so confident David asked him if he thought he could find Richard Hardie, or his clerk, Noah Skinner; both of whom had levanted from Barkington. Green, who was on a hot scent as to Skinner, demurely accepted both commissions, and appointed David to meet him at a certain place at six.

He came; he found Green's man, who took him up stairs, and there was that excited group determining the ownership of the receipt.

Now to David that receipt was a thing of yesterday. "It is mine," said he. They all turned to look at this man, with sober, passionless voice, and hair of snow. A keen cry from Julia's heart made every heart there quiver, and in a moment she was clinging and sobbing on her father's neck. Edward could only get his hand and press and kiss it. Instinct told them Heaven had given them their father back mind and all.

Ere the joy and the emotion had calmed themselves, Alfred Hardie stepped out and ran like a deer to Pembroke Street.

Those who were so strangely reunited could not part for a long time, even to go down the stairs one by one.

David was the first to recover his composure: indeed, great tranquillity of spirit had ever since his cure been a remarkable characteristic of this man's nature. His passing mania seemed to have burnt out all his impetuosity, leaving him singularly sober, calm, and self-governed.

Mr. Compton took the money and the will, and promised the executrix Skinner should be decently interred and all his debts paid out of the estate. He would look in at 66 by-and-by.

And now a happy party wended their way toward Pembroke Street.

But Alfred was beforehand with them: he went boldly up the stairs, and actually surprised Mrs. Dodd and Sampson together.

At sight of him she rose, made him a low courtesy, and beat a retreat. He whipped to the door, and set his back against it. "No," said he, saucily.

She drew back astonished, and the color mounted in her pale face. "What, Sir, would you detain me by force?"

"And no mistake," said the audacious boy. "How else can I detain you? when you hate me so?" She began to peep into his sparkling eyes to see the reason of this strange conduct.

"C'way from the door, ye vagabin," said Sampson.

"No, no, my friend," said Mrs. Dodd, trembling, and still peering into his sparkling eyes. "Mr. Alfred Hardie is a gentleman at all events: he would not take this liberty with me, unless he had some excuse for it."

"You are wonderfully shrewd, mamma," said Alfred, admiringly. "The excuse is I don't hate you as you hate me; and I am very happy."

"Why do you call me mamma to-day? Oh doctor, he calls me mamma."

"Th' audacious vagabin."

"No, no, I can not think he would call me that unless he had some good news for us both."

"What good news can he have, except that his trial is going well, and you don't care for that."

"Oh, how can you say so? I care for all that concerns him: he would not come here to insult my misery with his happiness. He is noble, he is generous, with all his faults. How dare you call me mamma, Sir! Call it me again, my dear child: because then I shall *know* you are come to save my heart from breaking." And with this, the truth must be told, the stately Mrs. Dodd did fawn upon Alfred with palms outstretched and piteous eyes, and all the cajoling arts of her sex.

"Give me a kiss then, mamma," said the impudent boy, "and I *will* tell you a little bit of good news."

She paid the required tribute with servile humility and readiness.

"Well, then," said Alfred, and was just going to tell her all, but caught sight of Sampson making the most expressive pantomime to him to be cautious. "Well," said he, "I have seen a sailor."

"Ah!"

"And he is sure Mr. Dodd is alive."

Mrs. Dodd lifted her hands to heaven, but could not speak. "In fact," said Alfred, hesitating (for he was a wretched hand at a fib), "he saw him not a fortnight ago on board ship. But that is not all, mamma, the sailor says he has his reason."

Mrs. Dodd sank on her knees, and said no word to man, but many to the Giver of all good. When she arose she said to Alfred: "Bring this sailor to me. I must speak with him directly."

Alfred colored. "I don't know where to find him just now."

"Oh, indeed," said Mrs. Dodd, quietly: and this excited her suspicion: and from that moment the cunning creature lay in wait for Master Alfred. She plied him with questions, and he got more and more puzzled how to sustain his story. At last, by way of bursting out of his own net, he said, "But I am sorry to say his hair has turned white. But perhaps you won't mind that."

"And he hadn't a gray hair."

"It is not gray, like the doctor's; it is white as the driven snow."

Mrs. Dodd sighed; then suddenly turning on Alfred, asked him, "Did the sailor tell you that?"

He hesitated a moment and was lost.

"You have seen him," she screamed: "he is in London: he is in the house. I feel him near me:" and she went into something very like hysterics. Alfred was alarmed, and whispered the truth. The doctor sent him off to meet them, and recommended caution: her nerves were in such a state a violent shock, even of happiness, might kill her.

Thus warned, Julia came into the room alone, and while Dr. Sampson was inculcating self-restraint for her own sake, she listened with a superior smile, and took quite a different line. "Mamma," said she, "he is in the town: but I dare not bring him here till you are composed: his reason is restored; but his nerves are not so strong as they were; now, if you agitate yourself you will agitate him, and will do him a serious mischief."

This crafty speech produced an incredible effect on Mrs. Dodd. It calmed her directly: or rather, her great love gave her strength to be calm. "I will not be such a wretch," she said. "See I am composed, quite composed. Bring me my darling, and you shall see how good I will be: there now, Julia, see how calm I am, quite calm. What, have I borne so much misery, with Heaven's help, and do you think I can not bear this great happiness, for my dear darling's sake?"

On this they proposed she should retire to her room, and they would go for David.

"Think over the meeting, dear, dear mamma," said Julia, "and then you will behave well for his sake, who was lost to us and is found."

Husband and wife met alone in Mrs. Dodd's room. No eye, even of the children, ventured to witness a scene so strange, so sacred. We may try and imagine that meeting; but few of us can conceive it by the light of our narrow experience. Yet one or two there may be; the world is so wide, and the adventures and emotions of our race so many.

One by one all were had up to that sacred room to talk to the happy pair. They found David seated calmly at his wife's feet, her soft hand laid on his white hair, lest he should leave her again: and they told him all the sorrow behind them; and he, genial and kindly as ever, told them all the happiness before them. He spoke like the master of the house, the father of the family, the friend of them all.

But with all his goodness he was sternly resolved to have his £14,000 out of Richard Hardie. He had an interview with Mr. Compton that very night, and the lawyer wrote a letter to Mr. Hardie, saying nothing about the death of Skinner, but saying that his client, Captain Dodd, had recovered from Noah Skinner the receipt No. 17 for £14,010 12*s.* 6*d.*, and he was instructed to sue for it unless repaid immediately. He added Captain Dodd was mercifully restored, and remembered distinctly every particular of the transaction.

SAILING IN THE AIR.

IF we may believe the poets and fabulists, the idea of sailing in the air is no new one. Every school-boy knows the story of Dædalus and his son Icarus, and the wings made of feathers stuck together by wax, with which they attempted to fly over-sea from Crete to Sicily. These, it is said, worked well, only too well in the case of Icarus, for taking an upward flight he approached so near the sun that the wax melted, the wings came apart, and the son fell into the sea and was drowned, while the father, keeping nearer the earth, made good his flight. The story is a fable, upon the explanation of which sundry learned treatises have been written. But sometime in the eleventh century Oliver de Malmerburq, an English Benedictine, undertook to play the part of Dædalus; he fitted himself with a pair of wings with which he flew a hundred yards, but came down breaking his thigh. "This accident would never have happened," he said, "if I had only thought of putting on a tail." However, he did not try the experiment again, with or without a tail. Toward the close of the eleventh century Jean-Baptiste Dante, a French mathematician, tried the same thing with the same result—a broken leg. About the time of the Restoration the Marquis de Bacqueville fixed wings to his legs and arms, and launched himself from the balcony of his hotel, situated on the quay at Paris, intending to fly to the Tuileries. He came down upon a washer-woman's boat in the river, and also broke his leg. So much for wings fixed to the body.

Meanwhile another kind of aerial apparatus had been invented by Besnier, a French shoemaker. It consisted of a couple of poles, with a frame-work covered with silk at each end; these were strapped to the shoulders, and moved up and down by the hands and feet. The *Journal des Savants*, for 1678, relates that he went above the roofs of the houses, but says nothing of the sad fall which he got.

In 1809, Degen, a German residing in Paris, invented a complex machine, consisting of a kite, a balloon, and an inclined platform to resist the air and give a working place for the aëronaut. He tried this in the Champ-de-Mars, and got for his pains a sound cudgeling from the spectators, who thought themselves humbugged by the would-be aeronaut who could not raise himself an inch from the ground.

In 1772 the Abbé Desforges made an aerial machine, consisting of a boat with wings hinged to the sides and moved by a crank. On the day of trial he tugged away at his crank, the wings flapped vigorously, but the boat would not budge. It remained immovable on the top of the tower where the experiment was performed.

In 1777 the brothers Joseph and Etienne Montgolfier, of Annonay, in France, having read Priestley's work on "Different Species of Air," conceived the idea of sailing in the air. They made a balloon of paper, which was inflated by a fire lighted within, which rarefied the air in the balloon, making it specifically lighter than the surrounding atmosphere. The first ascension was made about the close of the year 1783. The balloon carried up Pilatre de Rosiers and the Marquis d'Arlande, who thus made the whole circuit of Paris. On the 1st of December following the art of aerostation was fairly created. M. Charles, a clever physician, in company with one of the brothers Robert, went up in a balloon of silk, coated with gum, and inflated with hydrogen gas. They reached a height of some 15,000 feet, descending several times during the voyage. The descents and ascents were accomplished by letting off gas and throwing over ballast.

The balloon invented by Montgolfier, and improved by Charles, having given the power of ascent and descent, men began to hope that means could be contrived for directing the passage through the air. Oars were first tried. On the 2d of March, 1784, Blanchard went up in a car suspended from a balloon, furnished with oars and rudder, and was seen voyaging backward and forward. He boasted that he had sailed against the wind; but it was demonstrated that he had only availed himself of different currents at various elevations. Sundry other experiments to the same purpose are on record. Among these was that of Alban (shown in Figure 1). His plan consisted of a number of rotary oars, not unlike the sails of a wind-mill. This worked tolerably in calm weather. However, the French Academy pronounced the idea impracticable, and ceased its experiments.

We come to the systems which are now actually proposed. First is that of Petin (Figure 2). This consists of four balloons mounted on a large platform. The floor of this is made like a Venetian shutter, so as to offer more or less resistance to the ascent. Sails and "screws" are the means of propulsion. This plan has never been actually tried. —Mr. Henin's "reversed parachute" (Figure 3) has only sails fixed to the balloon and car. The parachute below the car is designed to moderate the rate of ascent, and to aid the action of the wind upon the sails, which are managed as on a vessel.—The system of Mr. Helle (Figure 4) is a combination of "fans" and "screws," moved by a couple of men below the car.

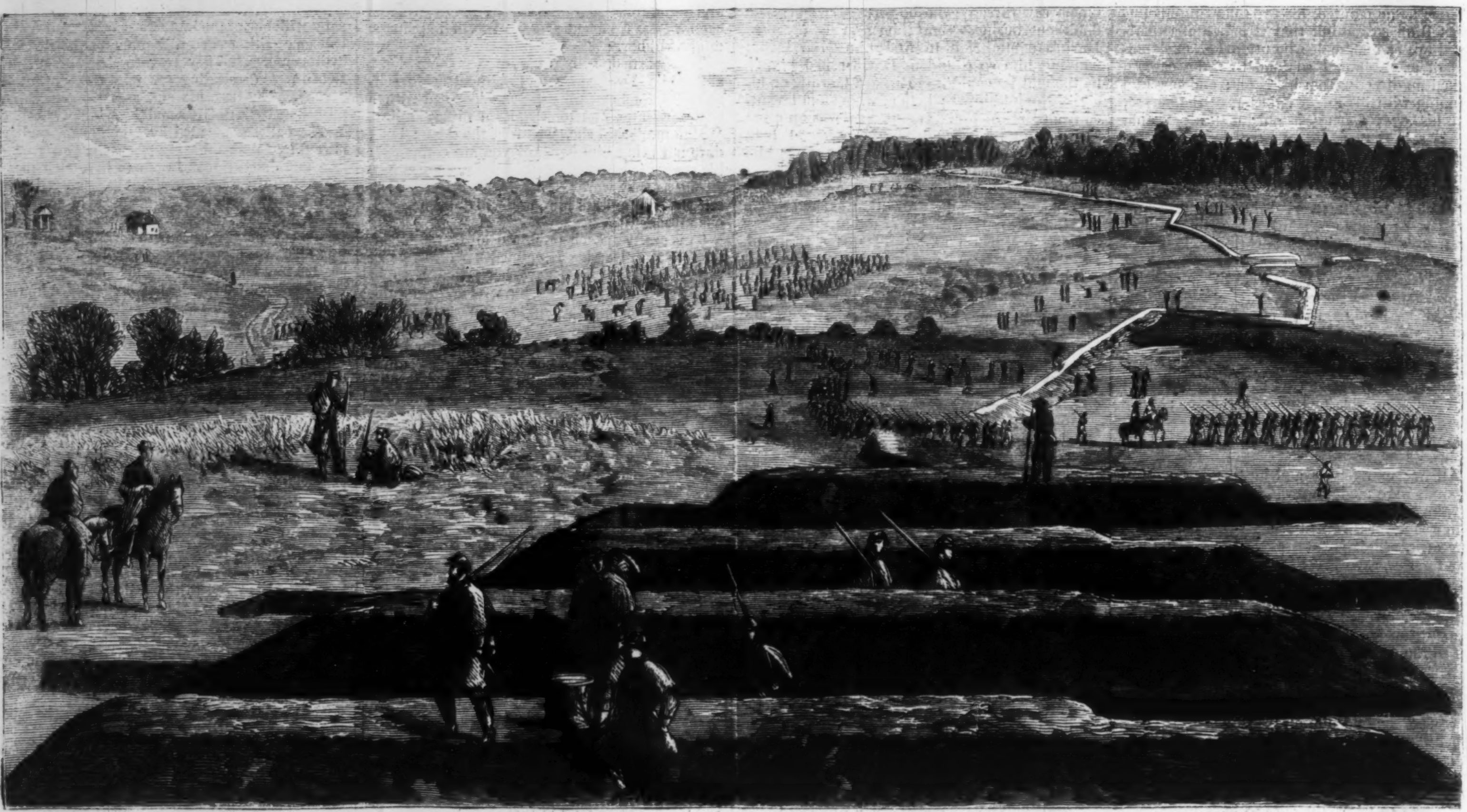
M.M. Julien and Sanson have given up the spherical form of the balloon as presenting too large a surface, and offering too great resistance to the wind, and have adopted (Figure 5) an elongated shape, something like that of a fish. In Julien's balloon the "screws" are placed not under the car, but at the centre of resistance, beneath the balloon. A little balloon of this kind, in which the "screws" were moved by clock-work, was put in operation at the Hippodrome some years ago. It moved against the wind, and seemed to demonstrate that the fish-form was the one for aerial navigation; and many competent judges thought that with adequate motive power Julien would be able to overcome the currents of the atmosphere. Jarcot's system (Figure 6) has not, we believe, been tried practically. M. Teisol's project of a balloon drawn by birds (Figure 7) is ingenious. If it succeeds, we shall be happy to record the fact. M. Moreau-Seguin has projected a "captive-balloon" (Figure 8), the object of which is to give timid persons the advantage of an air voyage. This is to be moved by a locomotive on land. Who knows whether this may not turn out a profitable speculation in somebody's hands?

M. Le Vicomte de Ponton d'Amécourt, finding in the great surface of a balloon the chief obstacle to aerial navigation, has propounded a system of which M. Nadar is the expounder. His design (Figure 9) stands at the head of our picture. Nadar's "Helicoptère" is composed of two screws placed horizontally on a vertical axis. When revolving, the wings strike the air obliquely, and send the machine up. For steering there is the third screw placed horizontally, with the axis perhaps oblique to those of the vertical screws. The motive power is furnished by a steam-engine specially designed for the purpose. M. Nadar, in order to raise funds to try this system practically, is now making the tour of Europe with his monster-balloon. If he raises the funds, we shall not be sorry; if he raises the machine, we shall be more than delighted.

ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND.

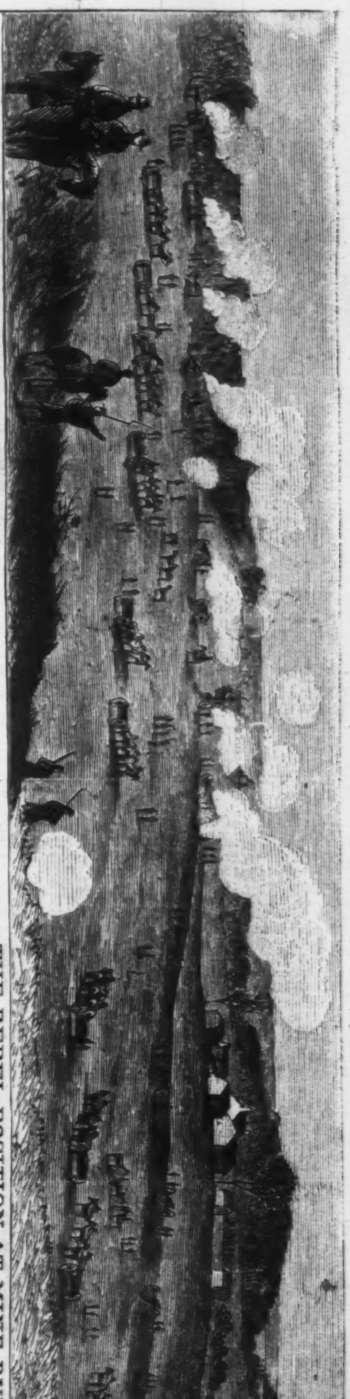
PAGE 4 contains an illustration from a drawing by our correspondent, who was an eye-witness of the affair, of GENERAL BAIRD'S DIVISION CAPTURING THE REBEL GUNS AT MISSIONARY RIDGE. Our artist writes that "the twilight was just perceptible as this gallant division gained the crest, Baird's right joining Wood's left. The ridge is steep, and was only carried by the most determined gallantry. After gaining the crest the division swept to the left, where the fight lasted till long after dark, the rebels making desperate but unavailing efforts to carry off their guns."

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC AT MINE RUN—REBEL LINE IN FRONT OF GENERAL SEDGWICK.

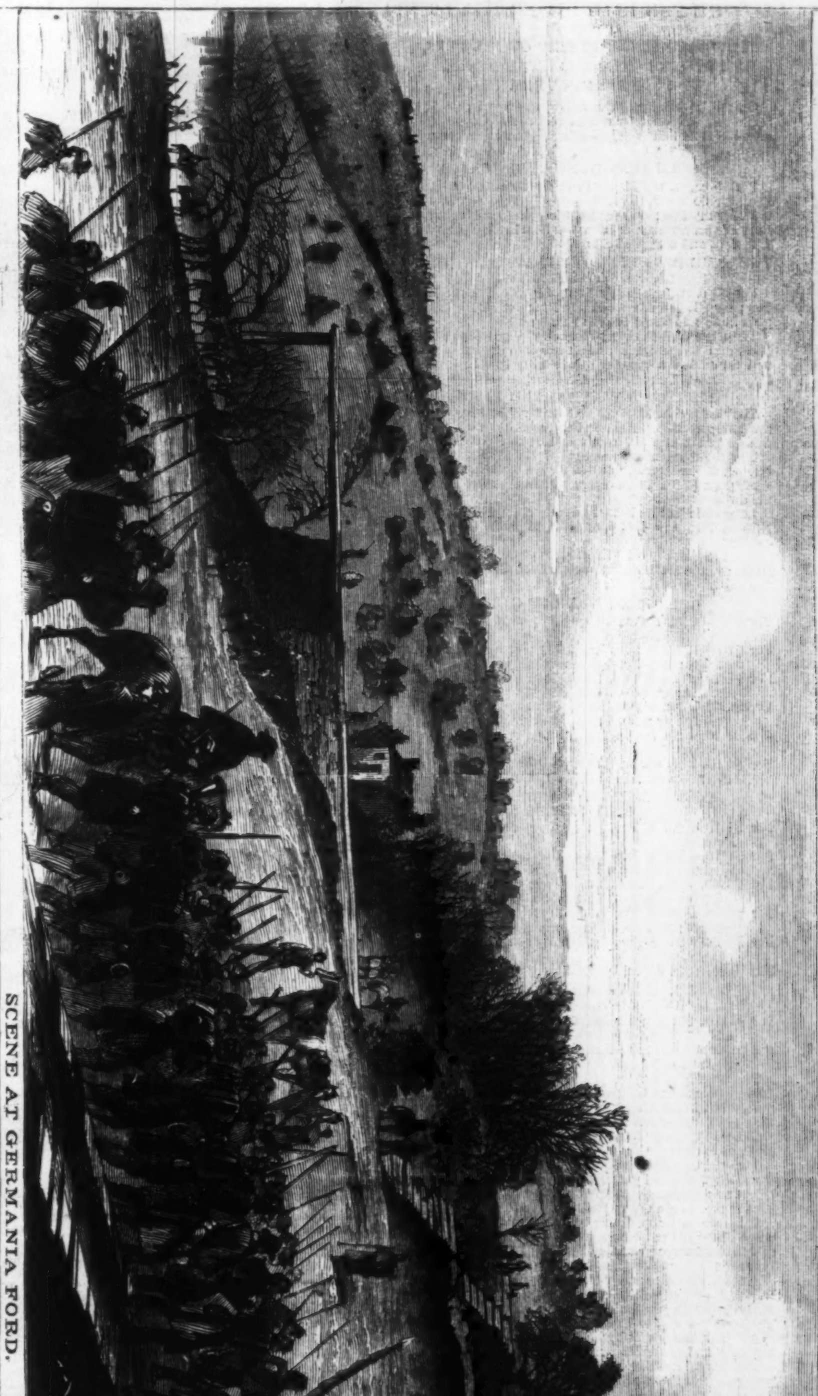


THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC AT MINE RUN—REBEL EARTH-WORKS COMMANDING THE PASSAGE AT GERMANIA FORD.

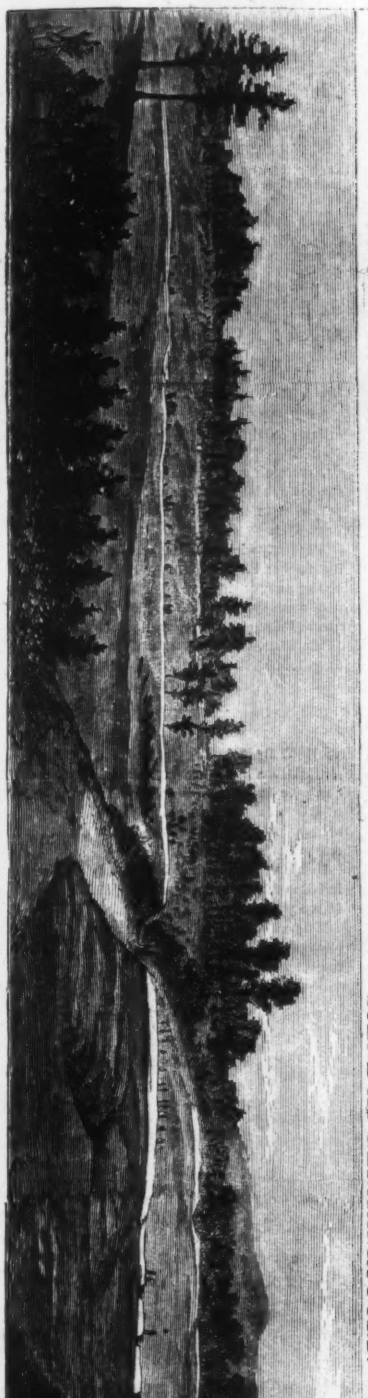
THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC AT MINE RUN—GENERAL WARREN'S TROOPS ATTACKING.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 7.]



THE REBEL POSITION AT MINE RUN.



SCENE AT GERMANIA FORD.



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—REBEL LINE AT MINE RUN, OPPOSITE GENERAL WARREN'S LAST POSITION.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 7.]

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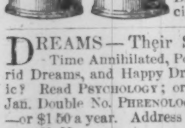

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I will pay the above-named amounts for the best four articles on either my *Soap, Saleratus,* or *Concentrated Potash.*

The article must state the writer's experience in using the goods, and must be not less than ten lines, and be published in the editorial columns of any good family newspaper.

Any party wishing to compete for the above, and desiring further information, may address the undersigned. Each person writing and publishing a notice as above, will mail a marked copy of the paper containing the notice to me, and also write me by mail, giving full address.

The Premiums will be awarded on the fourth day of July, 1864. B. T. BABBITT,
64 to 74 Washington Street, New York.

NEW HAVEN, CONN., Oct. 22d, 1863.

To B. T. BABBITT:

SIR: Observing your Premium advertisement in *The Scientific American*, I concluded to state, in a few words, what I knew of the merits of your soap, having used it enough to conscientiously say that it is all that it is represented to be.

I wish to ask you if it is necessary to write my name in full under the article, should I put it in one of the New Haven papers.

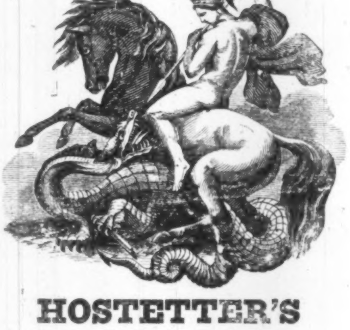
If the article, which is on the next page, is of no account, please say so, and that will end the matter; if it is acceptable, it will appear in the paper immediately.

J. D. W.

B right, golden day that ever gave
T he world a man who cares to save
B etimes the toil of womankind.
A man with an ingenious mind
B estows a real gift to us;
B ecause experience proves it thus.
I n every way its claims to aid,
T here's none but true assertions made.
T thus to affirm the truth we're bold,
S ince using *this* we are not sold;

S aving our time and patience too—
O ur friends will find this statement true.
A single trial, and you can
P erceive that BABBITT is the man.

J. D. W.



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CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS

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Sold by all Druggists and Family Grocers.

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500	Ladies' and Gent's Silver Watches	15 00 each.
3000	Vest and Neck Chains	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000	Gold Band Bracelets	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000	" " "	3 00 to 5 00 each.
3000	Cameo Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000	Mosaic and Jet Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000	Lava and Florentine Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000	Coral, Opal, and Em. Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000	Cameo Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
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5100	Gent's Breast Pins	2 50 to 8 00 each.
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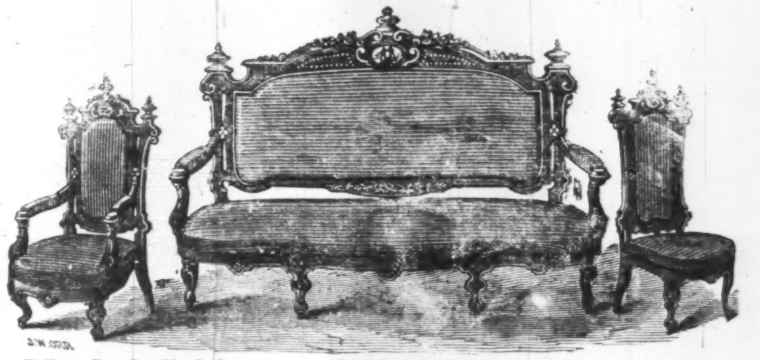

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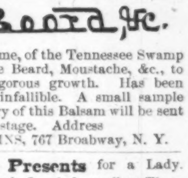

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